

THE LITERARIUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 1035.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1847.

PRICE
FOURPENCE
Stamped Edition, 5d.

For the convenience of Subscribers residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are released in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines.—Subscriptions for the Stamped Edition for the Continent, for not less than Three Months, and in advance, are received by M. BAUDRY, 3, Quai Malaquais, Paris, or at the Publishing Office, 14, Wellington-street North, Strand, London. For France and other Countries not requiring the postage to be paid in London, 26s. or 11s. 2s. the year. To other Countries, the postage is added.

[JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT, CHANCERY LANE.]

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

FACULTY OF MEDICINE.—Session 1847-48.—The CLASSES will COMMENCE on the 1st of October.

CLASSES in the order in which Lectures are delivered during the day:

MEDICINE. Principles and Practice of—Professor Williams, M.D.

ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY.—Professor Sharpey, M.D.

ANATOMY.—Professor Graham.

COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.—Professor Grant, M.D.

MATERIA MEDICA AND THERAPEUTICS.—Professor Thomas, M.D.

PHYSIOLOGY.—Professor Murphy, M.D.

MENTAL SUGGERY.—Lecturer, Mr. Durand George.

PHYSIOLOGY.—Professor Cooper, and Mr. Liston, Professor of Clinical Surgery.

PRACTICAL ANATOMY.—The Pupils will be directed in their studies during several hours daily by Mr. Viner Ellis and Dr. James, under the superintendence of Mr. Quain and Mr. Sharpey.

PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY.—Professor Fownes, 9 a.m., to 4 p.m.

SUMMER TERM.

The following subjects will be taught during the Summer term:

PHYSICS.—Dr. Lindley.

MATHEMATICS.—Dr. Murphy.

PHYSIOLOGICAL ANATOMY.—Dr. Walsh.

CONSTITUTIONAL MEDICINE AND ZOOLOGY (Elementary).—Dr. Grant.

PHYSIOLOGICAL MEDICINE.—Dr. Thomson.

PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY.—Mr. Lewis.

PHYSIOLOGY.—Tutor, will superintend the studies of any Pupils attending the Classes of the Faculty of Medicine, who may desire to be examined.

Hospital Practice daily throughout the year:—

Physicians.—Dr. Williams, Dr. Thomson, Dr. Walsh.

Surgeons.—Dr. Garrod, Dr. Parkes.

Physician in Charge.—Dr. Murphy.

Consulting Surgeon.—Mr. Cooper.

Surgeons.—Mr. Liston, Mr. Quain.

Assistant Surgeon.—Mr. Morton.

General Surgeon.—Mr. Durand George.

Medical Lectures.—By Dr. Williams and Dr. Thomson, and also by Dr. Walsh, Professor of Clinical Medicine, whose pupils it is to be the Pupils in the practical study of medicine and examinations on the physical phenomena and diagnosis of disease, to classes consisting of a limited number, and meeting at separate hours.

Medical Lectures.—Mr. Liston, Mr. Quain.

Prospectuses may be obtained at the office of the College.

Residence or Boarding.—Several of the Professors, and some of the Masters of the Junior School, receive Students to reside with them; and in the office of the College there is kept a register of persons unconnected with the College who receive boarders into their families; among these are several medical gentlemen. The register will afford information as to terms and other particulars.

ROBERT LISTON, Dean of the Faculty.

CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

August 1847.

The Lectures to the Classes of the Faculty of Arts commence on the 1st of October.

The Junior School opens on the 23rd of September.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The Session for the Department of CIVIL ENGINEERING, Architecture, and Machinery, will COMMENCE on WEDNESDAY, 13th of October.

The department consists of the following Classes:—

MATHEMATICS.—Professor Dr. Morgan.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—Professor Potter, A.M.

CHEMISTRY.—Professor Graham.

PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY.—Professor Fownes.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.—Mr. G. R. Moore.

MACHINERY.—Professor Bennett Woodcroft.

ARCHITECTURE AND CONSTRUCTION.—Professor Donaldson, M.R.A.

GEOLGY.—Professor Ramsay, F.G.S.

DRAWING.—Mr. G. R. Moore.

Prospectuses and further particulars may be obtained at the office of the College.

FRANCIS W. NEWMAN, Dean of Faculty of Arts and Laws.

CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

University College, London, August 18, 1847.

PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY.

BIRKBECK LABORATORY.—UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—Gentlemen desirous of engaging in chemical research, and students seeking instruction in elementary analysis, will find every requisite in this Laboratory, erected by the Council, and for practical instruction in organic and general chemistry, and the principles of chemical research as applied more particularly to agriculture, medicine, and the manufacturing arts, and the superintendence of Mr. Graham, Professor of Chemistry, and Mr. Fownes, Professor of Practical Chemistry.

The Laboratory will be open daily from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., except on Saturdays, when it will be closed at 1 o'clock, from the 1st of September to the end of July.

Students occupy themselves with pursuits of their own choice if mentioned by the Professors, by whom they are assisted with necessary instruction and advice.

Fees.—Session, 25s. 4s.; six months, 18s. 18s.; three months, 12s. 12s.; one month, 4s.

General General Chemistry.—Professor Graham's Lectures on daily, except Saturday, from 13th October to 15th April, at 10 a.m.

For perpetual admission, 2s.; whole term, 2s.; half term, 1s.

Prospectus, with full details, may be had at the Office of the College.

ROBERT LISTON, Dean of Faculty of Medicine.

FRANCIS W. NEWMAN, Dean of Faculty of Arts.

CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

University College, London, August 26, 1847.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SCHOOL.

LONDON.—MR. GEARING, a Master in the School, and a member of the Church of England, RECEIVES A FEW BOARDERS who attend the School, and whose studies he superintends in the evening. Mr. Gearing has been permitted by the Council to open a communication between his premises and the School.

Upper Gower-street.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

MEETING OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHERS AND MEDICAL MEN OF GERMANY will take place this year at AIX-LE-CHAPPELLE, from the 18th to the 25th of SEPTEMBER.

The undersigned, on behalf of the Society, have the honour to invite and to solicit the attendance of the Literary Men of Great Britain and Ireland. A large Entomological Collection, Mineralogical Objects of importance, and numerous newly-discovered Fossils, will be found interesting subjects of investigation. The celebrated Springs of Aix-le-Chapelle and Borreke, its favourable situation, and the facilities of reaching it from all quarters, render it an attractive spot, and will, we hope, induce a large body of our learned brethren in Great Britain and Ireland to favour the Meeting with their presence.

Dr. NEHEM, P.D.

Dr. DEBNEY, M.D.

CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL, Milk-street.

Cheapside, established by Act of Parliament, and under the superintendence of the Corporation of London.

Head Master—The Hon. G. F. W. MOTIMER, D.D., of Queen's College, Oxford.

This School will be RE-OPENED for the next term (extending to CHRISTMAS) on TUESDAY, September 7th.

The general course of instruction includes the English, French, German, Latin, and Greek Languages, Writing, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Book-keeping, the History, Geography, and Natural Science, and the ships on the foundation equivalent to 35s. per annum each, and available as exhibitions to the Universities, there are the following exhibitions to the School:—The Times Scholarship, value 30s. per annum; three Bursary Scholarships, and the Salusbury Scholarship, 50s. per annum each; the Tegg Scholarship, nearly 30s. per annum; the Travers Scholarship; and several other valuable prizes. The students of the School are admitted on the basis of the following conditions:—That the pupils shall be of good character and of good family; and that they shall be recommended by the Masters to the Boarders, between the hours of 10 and 4. Two of the Masters receive Boarders.

THOMAS BREWER, Secretary.

TESTIMONIAL TO Mr. BUCKINGHAM.

At a GENERAL MEETING of the Members of the British and Foreign Institute, held at their Rooms, 10, Pall Mall, on the 21st of August, 1847.

The Right Hon. the Earl of DEVON in the Chair.

It was moved by J. W. BART, Esq.; seconded by J. J. FORREST, Esq.

That the thanks of the Members of the Institute are due to the Resident Director, for the zeal and perseverance with which he has devoted his time and labour to its affairs, at great personal sacrifice to himself, and for the satisfactory manner in which he has conducted its proceedings; and that Meeting strongly urged upon the Members at large the propriety and justice of their united and cordial co-operation, in order to mark their sense of his valuable services by some appropriate testimonial.

The Earl of Devon, on putting this resolution to the vote, begged to say that it had his entire approbation; he had witnessed himself all those qualities which had been so highly commended in Mr. Buckingham, and he must add that his excellent judgment under circumstances of great difficulty had been as strikingly exhibited as his perseverance and his zeal. Whatever might be the ultimate issue of the affairs of the Institute, he could truly say that it was under the greatest obligations to Mr. Buckingham, and that Mr. Buckingham was under none whatever to it. All the ground which had been so industriously cultivated of its being a society for his exclusive benefit, and by which he was to be speedily enriched, were known to all who were acquainted with the facts of the case to be perfectly untrue. Mr. Buckingham, he (the Earl of Devon) while he deeply regretted its termination, should never be ashamed of the part he had taken in its foundation and progress, as he believed its object to be a high and honourable one, and as he felt that it was in it with such loud expressions of admiration had only fulfilled their duty in practising what they professed.

List of Contributions already made for the Testimonial to Mr. Buckingham.

The Earl of Devon, £35 0 0 The Earl Portcuse, £10 0 0

Sir G. Larpent, Bart., £5 0 0 Rev. T. Surridge, £5 0 0

J. W. Bart, Esq., £5 0 0 Rev. J. C. L. Surridge, £5 0 0

J. W. Bart, Esq., £5 0 0 F. V. Woodhouse, Esq., £5 0 0

J. W. Bart, Esq., £5 0 0 P. W. Evans, Esq., £5 0 0

J. W. Bart, Esq., £5 0 0 Rev. F. H. Cooper, Esq., £5 0 0

J. W. Bart, Esq., £5 0 0 Sir A. Capel Brook, Esq., £5 0 0

J. W. Bart, Esq., £5 0 0 Rev. F. Vincent, Esq., £4 0 0

J. W. Bart, Esq., £5 0 0 R. Oplander, Esq., £2 0 0

J. W. Bart, Esq., £5 0 0 Rev. J. G. Green, Esq., £1 0 0

J. W. Bart, Esq., £5 0 0 Gen. Sir Wm. G. Day, Esq., £2 0 0

J. W. Bart, Esq., £5 0 0 James Herts, Esq., £9 0 0

J. W. Bart, Esq., £5 0 0 Isaac Unthank, Esq., £5 0 0

J. W. Bart, Esq., £5 0 0 Robert Haywood, Esq., £5 0 0

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MR. GRIFFITH continues to prepare for the

Universities, Military, Naval and Medical Schools, as well as for Professional and general Purposes.—Redlands, near Bristol.

DR. HEINRICH FICK, Professor of German

Literature at the College for Civil Engineers, Putney, has resumed, after the vacation, his INSTRUCTIONS in GERMAN, on the line will consequently be different from the present timetable. New Bills, showing these alterations, may be had on application at the Railway Station.

By order of the Directors, CHAS. A. SAUNDERS, Secretary.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

ACCELERATION OF TRAINS.—On and after the 1st of September 1847, the LONG TRAINS on this Railway will be ACCELERATED. The departure from the Intermediate Stations on the line will consequently be different from the present timetable. New Bills, showing these alterations, may be had on application at the Railway Station.

By order of the Directors, CHAS. A. SAUNDERS, Secretary.

SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.—At a GENERAL

MEETING of persons interested in the preservation of Shakespeare's House, held at the Thatched House Tavern, on Thursday, the 26th inst., J. J. FORREST, Esq., in the chair, the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to:—

1. That the house in Henley-street, Stratford-upon-Avon, reputed to have been in which Shakespeare was born, and doubtless that in which he spent a considerable period of his youth, having been advertised for sale by public auction, it is highly expedient that the purchase of the same should be raised for the purpose of removal or demolition, and to preserve it as a national monument; and that as the sale of the property is fixed for the 10th September, it is most desirable that subscriptions be forwarded as speedily as possible.

2. That it appears to this meeting that the Royal Shakespearian Club of Stratford have acted judiciously in employing a large amount of the funds already collected under their auspices for the purchase of a separate portion of the Henley-street property, which really forms an integral part of the house in which Shakespeare is held to have been born; and that, proceeding upon the same principle, it is expedient to urge the extension of the subscription to the utmost limits which the public sympathy may determine, not for the exclusive purpose of securing the remainder of this interesting property, but for connecting with that more immediate object the further expression, in some adequate mode, of the reverence which those "who speak the tongue which Shakespeare spoke" must especially feel towards his memory.

3. That in order to add the laudable exertions of the Royal Shakespearian Club of Stratford-upon-Avon in attaining this object, a Metropolitan Committee be formed, consisting of the following Members, with power to add to their numbers:—

COMMITTEE.

Thomas Amoy, Esq. F.R.S. T. K. Hervey, Esq.

Sir James Annesley, Esq. M.P. Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, M.P.

Joseph Arden, Esq. F.S.A. Sir James Annesley, Esq. M.P.

William Ayton, Esq. F.R.S. M. Devonport Hill, Esq. Q.C.

John Barrow, Esq. F.R.S. F.S.A. Earl Howe.

Robert Bell, Esq. Rev. Joseph Hunter.

Bayle Bernard, Esq. Sir Robert Harry Inglis, M.P.

Berish Botfield, Esq. William Jordan, Esq.

Charles Knight, Esq. Douglas Jerrold, Esq.

Charles Holme Bracebridge, Esq. Charles Kemble, Esq.

John Britton, Esq. F.S.A. James Sheridan Knowles, Esq.

John Britton, Esq. F.S.A. Charles Knight, Esq.

John Britton, Esq. F.S.A. Right Hon. Lord Leigh.

John Britton, Esq. F.S.A. Thomas Longman, Esq.

John Britton, Esq. F.S.A. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart.

John Britton, Esq. F.S.A. The Right Hon. Sir Geo. Corroll, Lord Mayor.

John Britton, Esq. F.S.A. Earl of Clarendon.

John Britton, Esq. F.S.A. George Clowes, Esq.

John Britton, Esq. F.S.A. J. Payne Collier, Es

OFFICES AND CHAMBERS TO LET. East Temple Chambers, Whitefriars-street, one door from Fleet-street. Also, a SHOP TO LET, No. 2, Whitefriars-street.—For particulars, apply on the Premises.

MEDICAL PUPIL.—A Married Physician, a Member and an Associate of King's College, London, is desirous of RECEIVING into his family a YOUNG GENTLEMAN intended for the above profession, who would receive the greatest kindness and attention, daily instruction, and have the most ample opportunities of being well grounded in every branch of his profession, and prepared for Universities and examining bodies. House healthily situated and short distance from town; one mile and a half from the largest hospitals. Terms moderate, and receivable half-yearly. The highest references given and required.—Apply, or send, to Mr. R. Holmes & Fott's Newspaper Office, 14, Royal Exchange, London.

DECORATIONS for the Walls and Ceilings of Drawing or Dining Rooms, Libraries, Halls, and generally for the Interior of Houses, PAINTED ON PAPER by a patent process, by which they are rendered washable with soap and water, in all the various styles of ornament, are to be had at far less expense than the same could be painted on the wall, at V. B. SIMPSON'S, Decorator, 406, West Strand, near Trafalgar-square. Also a large variety of French as well as English Paper Hangings.

TO VISITORS TO THE CONTINENT AND TO ARTISTS.

MESSRS. J. & R. MCCRACKEN, FOREIGN AGENTS, AND AGENTS to the ROYAL ACADEMY, No. 7, Old Jewry, beg to remind the Nobility, Gentry and Artists, that they continue to receive Commissions of Objects of Fine Arts, Engravings, &c., from all parts of the Continent, who would receive the greatest kindness and attention, daily instruction, and have the most ample opportunities of being well grounded in every branch of his profession, and prepared for Universities and examining bodies. House healthily situated and short distance from town; one mile and a half from the largest hospitals. Terms moderate, and receivable half-yearly. The highest references given and required.—Apply, or send, to Mr. R. Holmes & Fott's Newspaper Office, 14, Royal Exchange, London.

JOSEPH LEONARD, AUCTIONEER, Boston, U.S. Consignments of New or Old Books for Auction Sales respect fully solicited, and for which prompt returns will be made.

JOSEPH LEONARD.

Sale by Auction.

Mr. AGNEW respectfully begs to inform his Friends and the Public, that in consequence of being obliged to make the alterations in his premises in September, he is compelled to adopt the immediate and decisive mode of selling the whole of his Stock by Auction.—In pursuance of the above announcement.

MESSRS. WINSTANLEY & WALTER (of Manchester) have been favoured by Mr. Agnew with instructions to SELL, by AUCTION, without reserve, on the premises, Repository of Arts, Exchange-street, Manchester, on MONDAY, the 6th of September, and following days (Saturdays and Sundays excepted), the Important and Valuable STOCK which has been selected with a view to combine elegance and utility, and comprises an excellent variety of Valuable Embellished Books, Ancient and Modern PAINTINGS, Water-colour DRAWINGS, Framed ENGRAVINGS, Italian and French BRONZES, English and Foreign CHINA, Bohemian GLASS, Parisian CLOCKS, SCULPTURED ALABASTER, Chimney Pier, and Toilet GLASSES, CHANDELIERS, LUSTRES, and LAMPS, for Drawing, Dining, and Assembly Rooms, and a large Collection of Articles of Taste.

ORDER OF SALE.

On MONDAY, the 6th, will be sold, at eleven o'clock punctually, the OOSTLY BOOKS OF PRINTS, Works on Art, and illustrated Works; among which will be found many of Ackerman's expensive publications, a record of the Agriculture produced, by Ansell & Deceased of Wesley, by Samuel Claxton, both so well known from the Engravings; also several Portraits of general and local interest, also engraved; Mrs. Nichol, as the Brigand's Wife, full length, by F. Grant, A.R.A.; two large subjects, in the best manner of Towne, Snowdon, by Richard Wilson; the Dead Ass, from Sterne, by Wright; Derby; Pigs, by Morland; Gallery Landscapes, by Sir P. Bourgeois, Holger, and Walmer; with pleasing and genuine specimens of Greivick, Collins, F.R. Lee, R.A.; Stothard, Pether, Fiddling, Frazer, Henahaw, and other masters; and valuable productions of the following old masters—Spagnoletti, Bonafacio, A. del Sarto, C. Cignani, Baurdon, Carlo Maratti, Vandryk, Rubens, Terburg, Maas, Bega, Ostade; and a curious cabinet set of the Seven Sacraments, by Stella, after the large picture by M. Poussin.

On THURSDAY, the 9th, FRIDAY the 10th, and MONDAY the 12th, will be sold a MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION from the stock above mentioned, which will include Bronzes from the antique, and of modern design; the most elegant Italian products in Foreign and English China, rich Bohemian glass, and alabaster; and the following combining ornament with utility, viz., chimney pier and Chival glass; Timepieces of Dresden and Parisian workmanship, chandeliers of metal and crystal; Lamps of every description, a tasteful assortment of Papier Maché, &c. &c.

On TUESDAY the 14th, the Sale will consist of the HIGHLY INTERESTING PORTRAITS OF THE ANTIQUE LEAGUE, being the original miniatures in water-colours by Du Val from which the engravings were made; together with many very fine Impressions of the same, and several WATER-COLOURED DRAWINGS, interesting in subject, and by favourite artists, in handsome frames; and on WEDNESDAY, the 15th, the best portion of the FINE FRAMED ENGRAVINGS.

THURSDAY, the 16th, will be appropriated to the valuable stock of Surveying, Philosophical, and Mathematical INSTRUMENTS, TELESCOPES, &c. &c., of which there is a very extensive assortment, in the best manner.

On FRIDAY, the 17th, will be resumed the sale of the MISCELLANEOUS STOCK. Catalogues of the whole Stock are in course of preparation, and will be issued in portions in ample time for inspection previous to the sale. The whole of the suite of rooms, with their splendid contents, will be open to view on Thursday, and, and two following days, and the Goods will be sold on Friday, and on Saturday, from Nine to Eleven o'clock; but no person can be admitted on these days without a ticket, which may be had of Mr. Agnew, on the premises; and of the Auctioneers, 15, St. Ann's-square, Manchester.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.—EVENING

EXHIBITION.—The Works of Art selected by the Prize-holders for the year 1847, now exhibiting at the Gallery of the Society of British Artists, 21, Pall Mall East, will be open from 7 till 10 o'clock, on the Evenings of the 31st of August, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th of September.—Admission by tickets only.

Aug. 28, 1847.

PHOTOGRAPHIST to Her MAJESTY and His Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT, by Special Appointment.—Mr. KILBURN'S PHOTOGRAPHIC MINIATURES are taken at his Establishment, 234, Regent-street, next door to Messrs. Dickens, Smith & Co., and immediately opposite to Mr. Verrey's. Licensed by the Antientes.

PATENT TALBTYPE or SUN PICTURE ROOMS, 122, REGENT-STREET.—NICOOLAAS HENNE-MAN begs to inform the Nobility and Public he has opened an Establishment in Regent-street, for the further development of this beautiful and valuable art. An interesting collection of Views from Nature, taken in various parts of the world, are now offered for inspection, exhibiting at once the value of the process.—PORTRAITS TAKEN daily from 10 A.M. till 5 P.M. Every requisite in Camera and Chemicals, of the most approved kind, may be had at the Establishment.—N.B. Instructions, and all information relative to the Talbtype process, can only be had of Mr. Nicolaas Henneman.

TO NOBLEMEN, GENTLEMEN, and Others.—WANTED, a SITUATION as SECRETARY or STEWARD, by a gentleman fully competent to undertake the duties thereof. He is a good penman and accountant, having had the entire management of a large establishment, which he is now about to leave. Can be highly recommended, and give security required.—Address, by letter, to A.B., No. 14, Eversholt-street, Bedford Town, London.

TO AUTHORS and PUBLISHERS.—TO BE SOLD, the Goodwill, Stock, Woodcuts, and Stereotype Plates of an ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY PERIODICAL, which has already obtained a popularity and circulation exceeded by very few (if any) of the numerous publications of the present day. To any gentlemen desirous of securing to themselves a valuable literary property, this forms a most favourable offer. About £2000 would be required, by letter only, to B.S., care of Messrs. Bristow & Tarrant, Solicitors, 3, Bond-court, Walbrook.

On the 1st of September, price 2s. 6d.

JOURNAL of the STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

1. Moral and Educational Statistics of England and Wales.
2. Education in the Mining and Manufacturing District of South Staffordshire.
3. Revenue Statistics of the Agricultural Government.
4. Mortality among Her Majesty's Troops serving in the Colonies.
5. Sanitary Condition of Borough of Reading.
6. Revenue Statistics of Railways.
7. Tables of Mortality, Meteorology, Corn, Currency, Bankruptcy, &c. John William Parker, 445, West Strand.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE for SEPTEMBER,

- Price 2s. 6d., contains:
1. The Grandees, Jacobins, and M. de Lamarine.
 2. A Defence of a Classical Education.
 3. Juan Morea, the Slave-Hunter.
 4. Hands and Gloves.
 5. A Visit to the Vine Country of Portugal.
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REVIEWS

*Thirteenth Report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland.**The present State of the Question respecting National Education in Ireland.* By Charles Elrington, D.D. Dublin, Hodges & Smith.

Dr. Elrington has acted a manly and honourable part in publicly stating the reasons which have induced him to become a supporter of the system of National Education in Ireland. There was no more vehement opponent of the Board at its first institution. In sermons as a clergyman, in lectures as a Regius Professor of Divinity, in speeches as an orator, and in evidence as a witness before both Houses of Parliament, he asserted the exclusive right of the Established Church to be the recognized organ of National Education. To those who complain that he has now yielded, he may reply—

Si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hæc defendi fuissent.

He sees that his former doctrine can no longer be maintained. The Board "rests on as secure and permanent a foundation as any institution of the country." Continued hostility to it would only set the Church in open opposition to the State; and circumstanced as the Church of Ireland is, this is an experiment which ought not to be lightly hazarded. "I see," says the Rev. Henry Woodward, "the vessel of the Church running foul of the vessel of the State—the ship which bears the ark just dashing upon the rocks—the Church, assailed as she is in other quarters, upon the point of a concussion which may shake her to her foundations."—Dr. Elrington adds another consideration of great importance:—the National system has increased and is increasing. From 789 schools with 107,042 scholars in Dec. 1833, it has extended to 3,637 schools with 456,410 scholars in Dec. 1846. Its scholastic organization has been strengthened and improved every year. Its masters have been regularly trained at the model school in Dublin. Its staff of inspectors has been disciplined to the most admirable order. Its selection of books has been adopted in the United States and in most of the British Colonies; they are also extensively used in England and Scotland. Paid monitorships are given as prizes to pupils of merit; and lads who have distinguished themselves in the school obtain a preference as candidates for mercantile and other situations which are naturally objects of ambition to persons in humble life. Against these advantages the rival schools established by the Church can maintain no effective competition. The clergy are gradually losing their influence and control over the education even of the children of their own flocks. The attendance of pupils at their special schools rapidly diminishes; and the enthusiasm of those who promised their subscriptions is still more sensibly abated. Nearly ten years have elapsed since the *Athenæum* [No. 529] predicted this result;—and our foresight is justified by the decisive evidence of Dr. Elrington.

The Report of the Commissioners just published states that the Board has five agricultural model schools in full operation,—and is about to pass building grants for eleven others. Meritorious youths selected from these schools receive further training at the model farm established near Glasnevin. The young men thus educated are eagerly sought for as land stewards by gentlemen of property in various parts of the country; and their conduct has given general satisfaction to their employers. Agricultural instruction is further given to all the pupils in

the training school; and as these go out as masters to different districts, there is no doubt that by their agency a great amount of practical information on farming matters will be disseminated throughout the country. To this rule of instruction it would be desirable to add that field gardens should be attached to all the schools in rural districts,—on which the pupils should work for two hours every day, weather permitting, under the superintendence of the master. Such a plan would add a desirable increase to the very limited stipends of many meritorious teachers—and afford an opportunity for making the young acquainted with improved methods of tillage before their minds are preoccupied with those prejudices in favour of hereditary usages which are nowhere more inveterate than in Ireland. There are, no doubt, seeming difficulties in the way of such an extension. Parents may be disposed to complain that their children are compelled to work for the benefit of the teachers; and schoolmasters—as was the case in the charter schools—may avail themselves of such a pretence to turn pupils into servants and labourers. But the system of inspection organized by the Board is sufficiently vigilant and effective to prevent abuse; and the prejudices of parents may safely be left to the softening effects of time and experience.

We should also venture to suggest an improvement which has been tried with the most beneficial results in the schools established on the estate of the Marquis of Lansdowne—the erection of working-sheds with a moderate supply of carpenters' tools, &c. in connexion with schools in the rural districts. Few who have not investigated the matter would believe how much the economy of a peasant's household is improved by his ability to mend or make common domestic and agricultural implements. This instruction would have the further recommendation of appearing to the pupils more an amusement than a task. In Lord Lansdowne's schools liberty to use tools is regarded as the most pleasing of recreations.

The Board further announces its intention to establish marine and fishing schools in the principal seaports of Ireland,—beginning with the Claddagh, a suburb of Galway in which fisheries are the chief support of the inhabitants. This is a most desirable extension of education; but one which it will be found exceedingly difficult to establish. The fishermen on the west coast of Ireland have a countless number of superstitious usages; many of which are very prejudicial, if not absolutely mischievous—but to which they cling with unconquerable obstinacy, imposing, too, the observance on others with savage sternness. We doubt the wisdom of selecting the Claddagh as the most appropriate locality for the first experiment;—but the failure of a school there would be anything but decisive of the result in less prejudiced districts.

It is much to be wished that the Board could establish navigation schools of a higher order. The means for the education of the mercantile marine in this country are not merely inadequate—they are so deficient in quantity (and more in quality) as to be a national disgrace. In the important mercantile city of Cork—as we have been informed by competent authority—there is not one teacher of navigation who has anything like an established reputation.

We can ourselves testify that the great majority of those who professed to teach navigation in several seaports of Ireland which we examined were superannuated land-surveyors, utterly ignorant of maritime affairs. We could give indisputable proof that many calamitous wrecks must be ascribed to the utter ignorance

of captains and masters, many of whom are quite incapable of tracing a ship's course on a chart. We shall say no more on this important subject—as we have reason to believe that it has not escaped the notice of the Government.

Another great improvement we shall describe in the words of the Report itself.—

"A considerable number of evening schools have of late been opened in several parts of the kingdom, affording great advantages to adults, and others engaged in various occupations during the day. In order to supply a good specimen of the manner in which such schools may be best conducted, we have established one, in the commencement of this year, on our premises in Marlborough-street, and another in our school at Glasnevin. No experiment that we have made has been more thoroughly successful. The evening school in Marlborough-street is attended by upwards of 200 persons: some of them are of mature age, previously unacquainted with the art of reading; the great majority are young men, between the ages of sixteen and twenty, who had received some instruction during their childhood, and are now anxious to gain more. We have never witnessed amongst persons, in any class, greater eagerness or aptitude for knowledge; and we are convinced that the elementary education of the poor will be greatly promoted by the supplementary instruction to be afforded through the means of evening schools, to adults. These evening schools will, in towns, form an essential step in the education of the artisan, between the common National Schools, and the library and lectures of Mechanics' Institutions."

It is worthy of consideration whether a system of popular lectures combined with interesting and amusing experiments might not be engrafted on these evening schools. The Irish government has already organized a staff of lecturers in aid of Mechanics' Institutes and similar establishments: we believe it would easily be possible—as it would most certainly be desirable—to obtain the assistance of these gentlemen in increasing at once the usefulness and the attractiveness of those evening schools.

The system of promotion which the Commissioners have established is thus described.—

"In the series of promotion which we have established, we have had in view the double object of securing the fittest person for each particular duty, and of stimulating to the utmost the exertions of every pupil and officer under us. We have provided that talents should have the means to rise, but that its elevation should be gradual; that each step in its progress should lead naturally to the next; and that, at each stage, the abilities of the person, his disposition and manners, should be prepared for the further advancement that awaits him. The unpaid may become a paid Monitor; the paid Monitor, a Candidate Teacher in one of our District Model Schools; then, a Teacher in an ordinary school; next, a Student in the ordinary training class in Dublin. He may afterwards perhaps be advanced into the special training class; may possibly become a Teacher in one of our District Model Schools; thence rise to be a Sub-inspector; then an Inspector; or, eventually, a Head Inspector. There will thus be formed a connected chain of promotion, of which the first link will be fixed in the village school, and the last in our Central establishment."

To this organization, so obviously excellent as to require no comment, we shall merely subjoin the twelve practical rules devised by the Board to guide the conduct of the teachers of National Schools.—

"1. The Teachers of National Schools are required—To keep at least one copy of the GENERAL LESSON suspended conspicuously in the School-room, and to inculcate the principles contained in it on the minds of their Pupils.

"2. To exclude from the School, except at the hours set apart for Religious Instruction, all Catechisms and Books inculcating peculiar religious opinions.

"3. To avoid fairs, markets, and meetings—but, above all, POLITICAL meetings of every kind; to

abstain from controversy; and to do nothing either in or out of School which might have a tendency to confine it to any one denomination of Children.

"4. To keep the Register, Report Book, and Class Lists accurately and neatly, and according to the precise form prescribed by the Board.

"5. To classify the Children according to the National School Books; to study those Books themselves, and to teach according to the improved method, as pointed out in their several prefaces.

"6. To observe themselves, and to impress upon the minds of their pupils, the great rule of regularity and order—A TIME AND A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING, AND EVERYTHING IN ITS PROPER TIME AND PLACE.

"7. To promote, both by precept and example, CLEANLINESS, NEATNESS, and DECENCY. To effect this, the Teachers should set an example of cleanliness and neatness in their own persons, and in the state and general appearance of their Schools. They should also satisfy themselves, by personal inspection every morning, that the Children have had their hands and faces washed, their hair combed, and clothes cleaned, and, when necessary, mended. The School apartments, too, should be swept and dusted every evening; and whitewashed at least once a year.

"8. To pay the strictest attention to the morals and general conduct of their Pupils, and to omit no opportunity of inculcating the principles of TRUTH and HONESTY: the duties of respect to superiors and obedience to all persons placed in authority over them.

"9. To evince a regard for the improvement and general welfare of their Pupils, to treat them with kindness, combined with firmness, and to aim at governing them by their affections and reason, rather than by harshness and severity.

"10. To cultivate kindly and affectionate feelings among their pupils; to discountenance quarrelling, cruelty to animals, and every approach to vice.

"11. To record in the School Report Book the amount of all grants made by the Board, and the purposes for which they were made.

"12. To take strict care of the FREE STOCK of Books granted by the Board; and to endeavour to keep the School constantly supplied with National School Books and Requisites, for sale to the Children, at the reduced prices charged by the Commissioners."

We can look back with satisfaction to our vindication of the Irish National system when it was so fiercely assailed some ten years ago. Many who were then its most bitter opponents have since become its staunch adherents. The learning and logic which Dr. Elrington displayed against the Board are now engaged in its support. The passionate zeal with which a Church Education Society was got up in opposition has consumed away by its own intensity:—and nothing but a dread of being charged with inconsistency prevents many influential clergymen from following the example of Drs. Woodward and Elrington. The time is fast passing during which they will have the opportunity for choice. The Church Education Society must fall from sheer inanition.

Under these circumstances, we trust that the Church Education Society will enter into co-operative terms with the National Board. It could effect much by providing catechists for the religious instruction of the Protestant children in the National Schools during the period allowed by law for that purpose:—but as a rival to the Board, experience has proved that it can do but little (and will soon be able to do less)—while even that little has been of very questionable benefit either to its country or its cause.

Nothing is more inexcusable than to rake up the ashes of smouldering controversy;—and we shall not therefore examine the bearing of the example of Ireland on the recent educational disputes in this country. Earnest as we have ever been in advocating the cause of National Education, we shall only say that we feel deeply gratified at having to record the triumphant

success of the first great effort to establish a system of National Education in the British Empire.

Scenes and Thoughts in Europe. By an American. Wiley & Putnam.

THIS little volume is evidently not the production of an ordinary tourist: but that of a man of large and well-cultivated mind, who has a nice perception of the beautiful, a love for literature and the arts, and a capacity to comprehend and enjoy them beyond the average range of travellers. The author is a person of mature age and mature thought—having a considerable acquaintance with men and things,—with the history of the past and with the form and pressure of the present,—with political institutions, and with the conditions under which society at present exists. Upon these and other topics a three years' residence in different parts of Europe—England and Italy, France and Germany, Belgium and Switzerland,—suggests many thoughts: some characterized by much political sagacity. The style of the book is somewhat curt; with a consequent tendency to baldness, which occasionally mars the effect of an otherwise fine passage. Brevity, however, is so little the general failing of publishing travellers, that we are almost unwilling to suggest the possibility of its degenerating into a fault. But there are cases in which the sententious epigrammatic style is undesirable. With good material and capacity to use it, an occasional touch of gossip in the tone is a relief. Herodotus is more read than Tacitus, or even Xenophon; and for this reason:—his book instructs as much as, and amuses more than, those of his severer successors. The work before us is, also, too general. It wants more speciality. Often clever, it is always more or less unsatisfactory. It has a vague title—and justifies it. This implies a mixture of the descriptive and the critical. The pictures are failures; but, to make amends, the exegeses are often happy. The scenes are not strikingly reproduced; but the thoughts are always sensible, and at times eminently suggestive. If not very profound itself, the book has the merit of inducing reflection in the reader:—and few will peruse it without being favourably impressed.

Our author dates his first note at Ambleside, near the residence of the Poet-laureate. The rural beauty of England has an inexpressible charm for all strangers; and for the kindred race of the United States—men whose literature, history and tradition are the same as our own—especially. The "American" seems to have been fully sensible of this "sweet surrounding presence."

"Beautiful to behold is England on a sunny summer's day; so clean, so verdant, so full of quiet life, so fresh, wearing so lightly the garland of age. What a tree;—that cottage, how fragrant it looks through its flowers;—the turf about that church has been green for ages. Here is a thatched hamlet, its open doors lighted with rosy faces at the sound of our wheels;—this avenue of oaks sets the imagination to building a mansion at the end of it. What town is that clustered around yon huge square tower? and the ear welcomes a familiar name, endeared by genius to the American heart. * * At every pause in our walk, the aspect of the landscape varied, under the control of the chief feature of the scenery, the encircling mountains with their vast company of shadows, which, as unconsciously changing your position you shift the point of view, open or close gorges and alleys, and hide or reveal their own tops, producing the effect of a moving panorama. But a week since we were on the ocean, a month since, in the New World,—now on the beaten sod of the Old, young Americans enjoying old England. Every object within sight, raised by the hand of man, looks touched with antiquity; the grey stone wall, with its coping of moss, the cottage ivy-screened, the Saxon church tower. Even what is new hasn't a new look. The

modern mansion is mellowed by architecture and fits into keeping with its older neighbours. To be old here, is to be respectable, and time-honoured is the epithet most coveted. You see no sign of the doings of yesterday or yesterday: the new is careful of obtruding itself, and comes into the world under matronage of the old. But the footprint of age is not traced in rust and decay. We are in free and thriving England, where Time's accumulations are shaped by a busy, confident, sagacious hand, man co-working with Nature at the 'ceaseless loom of time,' so that little be wasted and little misapplied. The English have a strong sympathy with rural nature. The capabilities of the landscape are developed and assisted with a loving and judicious eye, and the beautiful effects are visible not merely in the lordly domain or secluded pleasure-ground, where a single mind brings about a predetermined end, but in the general aspect of the land. The thatched cottage, the broad castle, the simple lawn, the luxurious park, the scattered hamlet, the compact borough, all the features which make up the physiognomy of woody, mossy, rain-washed England, harmonize with nature and with one another."

But we follow the author to London: the topographical mysteries of which perplex him not a little—and lay his philosophy under contribution. His mind is categorical. He is fond of taking in the *ensemble* of a scene at once; and, therefore, endeavours to master the limits of the new Babylon. Like other tourists, he is disappointed in this:—he can find no positive, tangible boundary line. He has seen other cities surrounded by walls or waters, by woods or meadows,—but London is unlike any of these. At length he comes to the conclusion that it is surrounded only by *houses*. Unable to comprehend it as a whole, he takes to the contemplation of its characteristic features; and his formula, "see the Docks in the morning—the Parks in the afternoon," is by no means the worst piece of advice to give to those who would best comprehend the genius of England in a single day. From London, our traveller passes over to Paris—with the outside of which he is, of course, delighted. The internal or social aspect is less to his tastes; which are thoroughly republican—but republican of the classic mould rather than of the model described by Mrs. Trollope. Here is his *rationale* of Parisian life.—

"A Frenchman, more than other men, is dependent upon things without himself. Nature and his own mind, with domestic interests and recreations, are not enough to complete his daily circle. For his best enjoyment he must have a succession of factitious excitements. Out of this want Paris has grown to be the capital of the world for superficial amusements. Here are the appliances,—multiplied and diversified with the keenest refinement of sensual ingenuity,—for keeping the mind busy without labour and fascinated without sensibility. The senses are beset with piquant baits. Whoever has money in his purse, and can satisfy through gold his chief wants, need have little thought of the day or the year. He finds a life all prepared for him, and selects it, as he does his dinner from the voluminous *carte* of the Restaurant. To live, is for him as easy as to make music on a hand-organ: with but slight physical effort from himself, he is borne along from week to week and from season to season on an unrelenting current of diversions. Here the sensual can pass years without satiety, and the slothful without ennui. Paris is the Elysium of the idler, and for barren minds a Paradise."

The following observations on French drama are a fair specimen of the criticism scattered through the volume: and in the main are both judicious and suggestive.—

"When I first arrived, I went almost nightly to some one of the many theatres. I soon tired of the smaller, where, mostly, licentious intrigue and fabulous liberality alternate with farce to keep the attention awake through two or three acts of commonplace. At the *Théâtre Français*, I saw Molière and Racine. It is no disparagement of Molière to call him a truncated Shakespeare. The naturalness, vigour, comic

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ness, practical insight and scenic life of Shakspeare he has; without Shakspeare's purple glow, his reach of imagination and ample intellectual grasp, which latter supreme qualities shoot light down into the former subordinate ones, and thus impart to Shakspeare's comic and lowest personages a poetic soul, which raises and refines them, the want whereof in Molière makes his low characters border on farce and his highest prosaic. Rachel is wonderful. She is on the stage an embodied radiance. Her body seems inwardly illuminated. Conceive a Greek statue endued with speech and mobility, for the purpose of giving utterance to a profound soul stirred to its depths, and you have an image of the magic union in her personations of fervour and grace. Till I heard her I never fully valued the might of elocution. She goes right to the heart by dint of intonation; just as, with his arm ever steady, the fencer deals or parries death by the mere motion of his wrist. Phrases, words, syllables grow plastic, swell, or contract, come, pulsing with life as they issue from her lips. Her head is superb; oval, full, large, compact, powerful. She cannot be said to have beauty of face or figure; yet the most beautiful woman were powerless to divert from her the eyes of the spectator. Her spiritual beauty is there more bewitching than can be the corporeal. When in the *Horaces* she utters the curse, it is as though the whole electricity of a tempest passed through her arteries. It is not Corneille's *Camille*, or Racine's *Hermione*, solely that you behold, it is a dazzling incarnation of a human soul. Through Rachel I have seen the chefs-d'œuvre of Corneille and Racine, reproduced by her on the French stage, whence, since the death of Talma, they had been banished. Without creation of character, there is no genuine drama. So vivid and individual should be the personages, that out of their feelings and acts the drama evolves itself, under the guidance of judgment and the purification of poetry. Without such individuality and productive vitality in the characters, poetry, sentiment, action, fail of their effect in the dramatic form. The personages of the French Theatre are not creations, they are transplants. Corneille and Racine took in hand the tragic subjects of antiquity, but they did not re-animate them. Agamemnon and Augustus owe nothing to their Gallic parents: their souls are not swelled with thoughts beyond a Greek or Roman age. Measure them with Shakspeare's Coriolanus, or Anthony, or Brutus, and they are marrowless. Shakspeare has so vivified his Romans, that the pages of history, whence they are taken, pale by the side of them. The French appear not to have had depth enough to produce an original tragic Drama. The tragic material,—whereof sentiment is an essential element as passion,—is meagre in them, compared with the Germans or English; hence the possibility and even necessity of a simpler plot and a measured regularity. Corneille or Racine could not have wrought a tragedy out of a tradition or a modern fable: they require a familiarized historical subject. The nature of French Tragedy, compared with English, is happily illustrated by the *Hamlet* of Ducis, which I have seen played at the *Théâtre Français*. The title of the piece is, 'Hamlet, Tragédie en 5 actes, imitée de l'Anglais par Ducis.' A fitter title were, 'Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet left out, by particular desire of French taste.' It is as much an imitation of Shakspeare, as straight walks and parallel lines of trees are an imitation of Nature. Hamlet is resolved into a tender-hearted affectionate son. He has not been put aside, but is king. Ophelia does anything but go mad. The mother is overwhelmed with remorse for the murder, which she confesses to a confidant. The heart of Hamlet's mystery is plucked out. The poetry is flattened into phrases. The billowy sea of Shakspeare is belittled to a smooth pond, in every part whereof you can touch bottom. It is not deep enough to dive in."

Perhaps the most striking institution in the Old World to the Anglo-American is that of aristocracies:—and it is one on which our author has much to say. The tone which he adopts when speaking on the subject is respectful, though decided. Treating of society in Belgium, he says—

"Among the features wherein old Europe differs from young America, none is more prominent than

the large number of idlers in Europe. Capital being wanting in the United States, almost the universal energy is busied in supplying it; in Europe it is abundant, and many live in industrial unproductiveness upon its moderate dividends. With us, it is hardly respectable to be idle; here, only they who are so, enjoy the highest consideration. With us, gentility is confined to those who addict themselves to certain kinds of labour; in Europe it excludes all who labour at all, except in the highest offices of the State. In 'good society' here, you meet with neither lawyer, nor merchant, nor physician, not even with the clergy, for in Belgium priests are drawn from the peasant and bourgeois classes, and their consecration is not believed to confer upon them nobility. Birth has hitherto been an almost indispensable passport into the highest circles; but money, aided by the stealthy progress of democratic ideas, is making breaches in the aristocratic entrenchments, and ere many generations, 'good society' in Europe will present something like the motley concourse that it does with us, where, the social arrangements having no support from the political, old families go down and new ones come up, and the power of a man on 'Change is often the measure of his position in fashionable drawing-rooms. This is but the chaos of transition: the soul will in time assert its transcendent privileges. In Europe, notwithstanding occasional intermarriages, the aristocratic prestige still prevails against plebeian merit. In social, longer than in political life, the nobility naturally retain a predominance, that is of course exercised despotically. Although, since the invention of printing, the expansion of commerce, and the rapid development of industry and science, knowledge and wealth, the sources of the highest power in communities, have been passing out of the hands of the privileged few, still, social advantages, depending upon deep-rooted ideas, are the last to be forfeited, and the nobility throughout Europe, long after their exclusion from the high posts in the State, will look down upon the herd of plebeian aspirants to *ton*, just as the *ancienne noblesse* of France did upon the military upstarts of Napoleon, and do still upon the Court of Louis Philippe. And this from a real superiority of position. The nobility of Europe,—the early, and at first the rightful sole possessors of power as the originally strong men; the acknowledged monopolists of social elevations; the dispensers of place and patronage; the recipients and in turn the fountains of honour; in short, the controllers with kings of all high interests and lords of etiquette and manners,—acquired, by the cultivation of the stateliness growing out of courtly usages and the tone contracted from conscious superiority, an easy commanding style of bearing and intercourse, which was of a natural inward growth, the unforced expression of their social rank and being. Now, as this social rank and being is no longer attainable by others, so neither are the modes of life, the style of manners, the segregation from the people, which were its natural products. All attempts therefore on the part of those, who, since the breaking up of the monopolies of knowledge and wealth, are now sharing their possession with the old nobility, to assume too their bearing and style, are and must be a bare assumption, a hollow imitation; and not merely as such an inevitable failure, but one tainted with vulgarity, the essence of which is false pretension. So long as another standard than the feudal aristocratic is not set up as the measure of social position, there will be war between the old régime, which in its sphere was a genuine true thing, and the new, which being an apery of it, is a false thing. In the end, the old, no longer upheld by law, impoverished by idleness and debilitated by generations of luxurious inactivity, will have to succumb, and become socially extinct, or absorbed into the triumphant new, and pedigrees will grow confused, and the imagination cease to invest birth with virtue."

The favourite view of sunrise from the Righi mountains is thus described—a description evidencing the possession of poetic apprehension and pictorial power, but vague and shadowy both.—

"The next morning before dawn, with cloaks about us, we were out. From the top of this isolated peak, a mile above the lakes at its base, we saw light break slowly over the earth as yet without form in the darkness. We had almost a glimpse of the creative

mystery. We were up in the heavens, and beheld the Spirit of God move upon the face of the earth. We witnessed with magnificent accompaniment the execution of the mandate,—Let there be Light. The peaks in the sun's path rose first out of darkness to meet the coming dawn, their jagged outline fringed with grey, then with gold. Day had hardly broke about us, when off to the south fifty miles a rosy tint shone on the snowy heads of the Bernese Alps, the first to answer the salutation of the Sun. Soon, the summits of all the mountains rose up in the growing day, a world of peaks, the giant offspring of the Earth awakened by the Morning. Below was still twilight. Gradually light came down the mountains and rolled away the veil of night from the plain. The Sun grew strong enough to send his rays into the valleys, and opened the whole sublime spectacle,—a spectacle affluent in sublimities, that lifted the Thoughts out of their habits, and swelled them to untrod dimensions. The eye embraced an horizon of three hundred miles' circuit; the mind could not embrace the wealth of grandeur and beauty disclosed. Towards the west, the view ranged over what from such a height seemed an immense plain, bounded by the far dim Jura; an indistinct landscape, with woods, and rivers, and lakes; or rather, a hundred landscapes melted into one, that took in several of the largest, most fertile, cantons, covering thousands of square miles. Turning round, we stood amazed before the stupendous piles of mountain. From five to fifty miles away, in a vast semi-circle, rose in wondrous throng their wild bulk—rugged granite or glittering snow, towering in silent grandeur, an upper kingdom, their heads in the sky. They looked alive as with a spectral life, brought from the mysterious womb of the Earth. You gazed, awed, baffled, in their majestic presence, overwhelmed by the very sublimity of size."

Of such scenes and such thoughts as these the volume is full. Insufficient and unsatisfactory as this kind of abstractions must always be, they have yet a positive value of their own inasmuch as they arouse the critical and constructive faculties into activity. It is no small merit in a book that it excites antagonism in the reader. This will do more: it will stir the sympathies of many minds—and perhaps leave the seeds of thought in more. Of the many pleasant books which America has recently sent to England this is by no means the least worthy or the least welcome.

Account of the Measurement of Two Sections of the Meridional Arc of India, conducted under the Orders of the Honourable East India Company. By Lieut.-Colonel Everest, F.R.S. 2 vols. Allen.

It has long been considered by all civilized governments that a survey of their territories is indispensable to wholesome legislation; and it is gratifying to find the Directors of the East India Company taking the proper steps to obtain correct data for the Atlas of the British Possessions in India. On this subject, Colonel Everest says:—

"It will naturally be concluded that each portion of the territory will be taken up in the order of its importance, as regards the revenue which it yields to the State,—whereby, generally speaking, worthless, hilly, stony and barren tracts will be reserved for the last; but that the whole of India will be eventually covered with triangles, may be looked for as a result almost as certain as any future event can be; for it was only after long deliberation that the Court of Directors of the East India Company came to the resolution of making their Atlas depend on trigonometrical operations; and the unity of design and firmness of purpose of that body are too well known to need that I should dilate on them."

The volumes before us contain an account of the operations of measuring two sections of the meridional arc, bounded by the parallels of 18° 3' 15", 24° 7' 11", and 29° 30' 48". One volume contains the text—the other a series of engravings illustrative of the instruments, &c. The time occupied by the operations extended

from 1830 to 1843,—when Colonel Everest resigned his appointment of Surveyor-General of India. The operations are independent of all others, excepting that the height and longitude of the southern limit are derived from the labours of Colonel Lambton, who was Colonel Everest's successor.—

"The first thing," says Colonel Everest, "was to carry a longitudinal series emanating from my principal stations near the Seronj base, across the peninsula in an easterly direction as far as Calcutta, where a base of verification was measured in 1831-2. In the second place, a certain number of principal stations of this series, separated from each other by an average distance of 60 miles, were made the origins of so many meridional series, which were carried northward, as far as circumstances admitted. In the third place, the northern limits on which these meridional sines abutted are in process of being united by a series of principal triangles running as nearly in an easterly direction as the case allows. By these means an ellipsoidal quadrilateral space will be formed, bounded on the west by the great arc series, and on the east by the Calcutta meridional series, which will be intersected by sines running up intermediate meridians at every 60 miles asunder, the spaces between which can obviously be filled up either by minor triangulation, or by some other analogous process, less rigorous, perhaps, but still sufficiently accurate to suit the circumstances of the case, and to prevent the intrusions of error of any magnitude."

Considerable difficulty was found in measuring a base line; in consequence of the number of lofty trees and dwelling-houses in the vicinity of Calcutta, which restricted the view to a very limited distance. To overcome this difficulty two towers, seventy-five feet high, were built at each extremity of the base line. The same difficulties of extended vision existed in the tracts including the other stations.—

"In common with other parts of India, the inhabitants are congregated in villages and towns which vary in extent and character according to the wealth and traffic of the owners—from the veriest hovel composed of straw to the costly four-storied edifice of masonry; but instances of isolated dwellings are rare, and hardly ever met with except in the case of indigo planters, or now and then a temple or mosque, the bare walls of which offer no temptation to the plunderer. The villages, however, lie so thickly scattered over the surface, that it is difficult to trace a line in any direction so as to pass free of all habitations, and quite impossible to calculate on seeing between the breaks which occasionally appear in the dense belt of foliage,—for, in the very few instances where such do exist, they stand altogether at random, and without any regard to the ray between one mound and another. In fact, generally speaking, the trees form to all appearance a continuous dense belt of foliage at the distance of 4 or 5 miles from the eye of the observer; and if an interstitial place is anywhere found, it as often as not leads to low, marshy, or other land totally ineligible as a principal station. The smoke from the daily and nightly fires which, particularly in the cold season, envelopes the villages and clings to the groves surrounding them—that arising from brick and lime kilns and conflagration of weeds—the clouds of dust raised by herdsmen and their cattle in going out to graze in the morning and returning in the evening—by travellers and processions of men, carriages and cattle, proceeding along the divers roads for business or pleasure,—and by the force of the wind, the slightest action of which suffices in this arid, parched-up soil to obscure the view,—form an assemblage of obstacles which it is only possible in very favourable contingencies to surmount."

The foregoing extract will give the reader some idea of the difficulties attendant on surveying in India; without including those arising from the climate and sickness—which, in the worst of jungle fever, we are told, "sometimes swept like a destroying angel over the party, and prostrated the whole camp in one night."

It is to the credit of Colonel Everest and his assistants to have surmounted these formidable obstacles. That he did so, fully appears in the

interesting narrative of his operations which forms the introduction to the first volume. It is due to Messrs. Troughton & Simms to state that, with few exceptions, they furnished the necessary instruments. The standard measures used were the iron standard bar of 10 feet and brass standard scale of 6 inches belonging to the East India Company. These measures were conveyed to Southampton in 1844, for the purpose of being compared with the other standards in the Ordnance Survey Office in that town.

In order that the operations in India may be reducible to a common standard with those carried on in other parts of the world, comparisons of the standards used by Colonel Everest with those at the office of the Ordnance Survey in Southampton are appended to the work. We may add, that as the costliness of these volumes precludes the chance of their being purchased by the majority of scientific readers, copies have been presented to the leading scientific societies by the Directors of the East India Company.

Poetical Works of Don José Zorrilla—[Obras Poéticas, &c.]. Paris, Baudry.

THERE must be something peculiar in the national character, as well as in the local condition, of Spain, that tends to estrange it from the rest of Europe. Something more than its rugged land frontier, or the tardy intercourse between the different kingdoms ruled under one name at Madrid,—but essentially separate in habits, laws, tenures, in the costume and speech of the people,—must exist in the Peninsula to account for the reluctance of the national mind to transport itself into foreign regions. At different periods of history, and lately in our own times, political events have thrown open its privacy to the research of strangers, and for a while turned the gaze of Europe upon every corner of the land. Yet, no sooner is the impulse of the time exhausted, than the nation seems to withdraw itself into new retirement, and but few traces recal the interest lately taken in its fortunes. In England, for instance, within the lifetime of a generation whose arms decided at once the fate of Europe and the liberation of the Peninsula upon its own soil—in a country, we say, which has so many motives to study its internal condition, it is at the present moment more difficult to obtain any knowledge of what is going on from day to day in politics, in science or letters, in Madrid, than it was in the days of James the First or of Anne. Now and then a traveller crosses the Pyrenees, and tells us on his return more or less of what may be seen by a traveller's eye. At times we are favoured—although such gifts are rarely to be looked for—with the fuller report of one who, like the author of 'The Handbook for Spain,' has lived in the land, has thoroughly studied its features, and can describe them with the vivacity of a quick observer and the powers of a cultivated mind. But excellent as this may be, it cannot supply the want of more immediate correspondence. Of direct communication between London and Madrid, except by the courier of the Foreign Office, or some Rothschild's *estafette*, there is next to none. Even our political news must be drawn from a third party; and it is to the Parisian press that we are indebted for anything that can be popularly known of the modern literature of the Spaniards.

We have nothing to do with the circumstances that for some years past have brought the French into more intimate relations than ourselves with their neighbours beyond the Pyrenees. We may thank them for encouraging Parisian

publishers to introduce to the notice of Europe the works of modern writers of which we have long desired to know something,—and might still longer have desired in vain, but for this assistance. One of these—Zorrilla, amongst the most popular of living Spanish poets—has just appeared in the valuable collection of Messrs. Baudry: and we have seized upon him with more than usual curiosity.

Not that our expectations could justly be raised very high. What has been learnt or seen in past years would not encourage any eager hope of a revival in our day of the true genius of Spain, from the long decline into which it had already fallen at the beginning of the 18th century. To study French models, phrases and ideas in modern Castilian is no inviting employment. Their presence is as little welcome here as are the ugly hats, wide-winged coats, and amazing *gilets* of the *Rue Vivienne*, which on the person of Young Spain grievously offend the traveller's eye amidst the picturesque costumes of the people on *Ramblas* and *Alamedas* in peninsular cities. Something, however, had been heard of this Zorrilla which gave hopes of a more national vein, if not in his earliest, at least in his later poems. Although, in the long decay of his country, it would be vain to hope for such a growth from its soil as it bore in the abundance of its former strength, still we believe it to have some properties that not even a century of disease can quite extinguish; and of all gifts that it can lose, we can least conceive the possibility of its entirely parting with that peculiar spirit of poetry which seems to breathe alike from the sky, the soil, and the language of Spain.

We thank Don Ildefonso Ovejuna for a biographical notice of the author, prefixed to this edition; weary though the labour be to trace the facts we want to know through a critical labyrinth in which the writer has thought fit to involve them. From amidst his synopsis of a general system of Art poetic—which gives no high idea of the progress made at Madrid in aesthetics,—we collect, that Zorrilla, born in Valladolid in 1817, was intended by his father, a retired public functionary, for the legal profession: and that he was educated with this intent at first in the College of Nobles at Madrid, afterwards at the Universities of Toledo and Valladolid—where, however, he seems to have been but a careless student. Disgusted with the law, already resolved on pursuing a literary career, and having, both on these accounts and by irregularities of conduct, fallen into disgrace with his father—who is described as a severe old Castilian *de la vieille roche*—Zorrilla suddenly fled in disguise from Valladolid,—apparently about the year 1836,—and hid himself in Madrid; where, in 1837, the following occurrence brought him at once into notice.—On the 15th of February in that year, was interred Mariano José de Larra, a young writer, admired by many for his satirical eloquence; whose tragic end heightened the regret for his loss. The funeral was attended by a number of literary friends; who closed the ceremony in the modern French manner, by delivering orations over the grave. In the crowd assembled around it Zorrilla—until then known as a writer only by some trifling pieces in periodicals—made his appearance, and recited some verses of his own in honour of the deceased. They were received with enthusiasm. The youth, then barely twenty years old, became at once a literary celebrity in Madrid; and ever since has been constantly writing and publishing. The mass of his compositions is now very great; his poems alone—to which we confine the present notice—fill 534 pages of an octavo volume printed in double columns of small French type.

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His dramatic works, to be noticed on a future occasion, are equally voluminous. We are told that his writings, of later years especially, are eagerly read when they appear, and that more are always wanted. It is a further inducement to examine the performances of an author who has done so much, when we find that his natural judges highly approve of what he has done.

The value of this approbation will, indeed, depend on their ability to judge rightly; and in this respect we fear no implicit confidence can now be placed in the criticism of Madrid. The account which Don Ildefonso gives us of the present state of Spain will not remove previous doubts as to the prospects of any healthy revival of poetical literature there. "At the beginning of the 19th century," he says, "all the violent and untimely shocks of the French Revolution, and of foreign invasions, were required to rouse Spain, even for a moment, from her lethargy, and to revive in her a feeling of the spirit of her older times. Everything has already fallen back into decline: the upper class is wholly French; the middle ranks may preserve some slight traditional recollections, but these traditions have lost all hold of their minds; the lower sort of people in the capital towns are atheists in religion, atheists in politics, and it is only beyond the precincts of those centres of population that some features of our lost nationality still exist in a torpid state. Strange circumstance! such is the want of any character of her own which infects the Spain of our day, that even the reaction that now seems to be taking place towards religion and mental culture,—even this reaction has come to her from France!" Such is the account which a native has to give of the moral state of his country,—in the midst of which our young author cast himself on the public of Madrid for subsistence and reputation.

His poems discover the influence of the tendencies just described. The tone of the first series, published in 1837, is decidedly French. The model chosen for imitation appears to have been Victor Hugo; and, as usually happens in such attempts, in reading these pieces of Zorrilla's we are more reminded of the defects of the original than of his merits. The angry, hopeless protest against all in this world, or believed to be beyond it—which is more or less involved in the poetry of a certain school—can at the best leave but an ungenial impression on the reader: the effect becomes simply unpleasant when it appears without the poignancy and spirit that in the masters of this sect somewhat relieve the ugliness of the theme—when the manner is felt to be assumed—and, above all, in a language inapt for the sardonic tone, and associated in our minds with a far different form and spirit of poetry. Of these compositions—the success of which Don Ildefonso's report may explain—we shall say nothing further:—nor should we have much to say of Zorrilla at all, had he produced nothing besides. In the very first volume, however, he shows that his thoughts had already been turned to regions nearer home, and to the national poetry of earlier times:—and thus prepared the way for the declared return, which he afterwards made to a style and to subjects meant to be wholly Spanish. We shall extract one of these earlier pieces;—a graceful reminiscence of the Moorish romances of the 15th century. In translating, we follow Mr. Lockhart's method of treating the *redondilla*,—turning two of the octosyllabic lines into one; which seems to be the nearest approach that our language can make to the cadence of the original.

Towards Granada's gate are pricking, o'er the Vega, up the way,
Men at arms, full fifty horsemen, and the chief the band obey;

As they reached the gate, the captain checked his snow-white mare, and said
To the lady, sorely weeping in his arms, a captive maid:—
"Weep no longer, Christian maiden: dry the tears I grieve to see!
For thy home a second Eden waits, Sultana, here for thee!
"I've a palace in Granada: I have gardens full of sweets;
I've a gilded fount, whose waters sparkle from a hundred jets.

"And I have an ancient castle in the Vega of Genil:
"T will be then the queen of thousands, when its halls thy charms conceal.

"All along our river's border far extend my lands and away;
Such a park as mine there is not in Seville or Cordova.

"There the palm trees, towering stately, there the glowing pomegranates
With umbrageous fig-trees mingled, clothe the vales and crown the heights.

"There the strongly-branching walnut, and the mulberry, dark with fruit,
And the yellow Indian peartree, cluster round the castle's foot.

"In my shaded alleys, lofty elms to Heaven upsoaring, are; and
In cages silken-silvered I have birds that carol there.

"And of all art thou Sultana! Lone have been my halls so long:
In my harem are no women; in mine ears no sounds of song.

"I will give thee three orient perfumes: velvets for divan and walks;
Choicest veils from Greece I'll bring thee; and from Cashmere precious shawls.

"I will give thee whitest feathers for thy brow, to deck it brave,
Whiter than the foam that dances on our blue Levantine wave.

"And the pearl to grace thy tresses; and the bath to cool the grove:
And, thy neck to circle, jewels; and, thy lips to cherish,—Love!"

"What to me," replied the Christian, all thy riches, all thy state,
When thou tear'st me from my parents,—every friend and virgin mate?

"But restore me, Moor! restore me to my home, my sire, mine own!
Better, far, than thy Granada are the towers of my Leon!"

Calm the Moorish captain listened: smooth'd his beard, and 'gan to speak,
Slowly, like a man that muses,—while a tear was on his cheek:—

"If thy castles, then, are better than the bowers our walls confine;
And thy flowers are fairer yonder, in Leon,—for being thine:—

"And thy heart be given yonder to some warrior of thy creed,
Weep not, pearl of Eden's hours! go! these knights are thine to lead."

Half his troop he gave the lady, with the mare he rode that day:—
And the Moorish chief, in silence, turned aside and went his way.

Before Zorrilla had passed his second volume, he had betaken himself zealously to the study of Calderon and other masters of Spanish poetry. The ambition of gaining a firm position on this national ground seems to have grown with his increasing popularity. With this, however, there has also been fully developed a property which to us is the saddest drawback to any pleasure we could take in his poems,—we mean their desperate longwindedness. In proportion as he recedes further from French models and comes nearer to those of his own country, this prolixity increases,—either from natural disposition or from an idea of its belonging to the manner which he sought to adopt,—until, in his metrical legends, the 'Cantos del Trovador,' written altogether on Spanish subjects, it reaches a point which we may venture to pronounce insupportable. This is the besetting sin of Zorrilla's best effusions. The flow of his ideas by no means equals the fluency of his style; and what he has properly to say or to describe is overwhelmed in a torrent of words, from which it is no small task to bring the real substance to land. The older Spaniards were not wont to be concise: the flexibility of their language and the easy rules of their prosody were temptations to excess which the greatest could seldom resist. But how different is their abundance from the diffuseness of our modern author! When they may be blamed for volubility, it is at least redeemed by the variety which it offers. They may be extravagant, conceited, hyperbolic—

but they never distress us by barrenness of fancy. Nor are they always thus profuse; their lyrical pieces show how gracefully they could play within bounds when it was becoming to be brief. Not so Zorrilla. He cannot make an end. Nothing but a sonnet could keep him within a moderate compass. His lyrical pieces—all but a very few—are themselves divided into chapters and sections; in which his idea is apt to be buried in a heap of words long before we arrive at the close. Still worse do we find it in the metrical legends. The smallest incidents cannot be disposed of in less than an entire chapter; which chapter must commence with a special passage of description,—usually a night piece, or some other standard picture scarcely less trite. These Troubadour poems, which have given the writer the credit of reviving a national school, are, for this reason, quite beyond critical reach. It would require a whole *Athenæum* to transcribe the shortest of them. There is, indeed, something almost laughable in Zorrilla's loquacity: although it is one of the worst signs of disease which a poet can display. The witty Frenchwoman thought it a crime in an ill-favoured man to "abuse the privilege of being ugly":—it is surely a worse fault in this author to abuse the privilege of writing in the most beautiful of "romance" languages. One specimen may suffice to show how he loves to run a single idea—and his readers also—out of breath. The fancy of this address to the *Wood Poppy* is pretty; but the diffuseness of the periods and the iteration of the same thought make tedious what might have been a graceful lyric. It is, as we give it, in two divisions.—

Lone flower, that to the sunlight shew'st, beside the silent wood,

Four crimson flags, that guarded lie within a dusky bud,—
As thou abidest in the field, and from the field I fly.
Thou, with thy petals fiery-bright, with tears and colour I,—
Say to the soul of my sad soul, I go with love to die!
But leave for her, amidst thy leaves, one kiss and one good-bye!

Since thou so sadly dwellest, flower, in lone abandoned spots,
With briars for thy only guard, begirt with grassy knots:—
With nought for music in the air but savage accents rude,
With stem too weak to hold thee up, when clouds that burst in flood

Close o'er the lustre of the sun, and whirling torrents shed,—
Thou, flower, that, lonely as thou art, dost show this burning red,
As if the ardour of a heart, methinks, had scorched thee through,

Well may't at thou be the messenger of Love's devout "Adieu!"
Lone as thou art, so poor and frail, so void of leaf, or scent,
I cannot find a cause to wear a life so sadly spent,
Were not the solitude of Love thy native element.

For, outcast to the surly wind,
And left a prey to seasons rude,
Thy state too aptly brings to mind
The loneliness and pains unkind
That ever vex a lovesick mood.

While thus with thy love-dream possessed,
And dead to every thought but one,
The tangled brake that shades thy nest,
Or western breeze that cools thy breast,
But serves to charm thy sorrows on.

Nor feel'st thou how the northern gale
May shake thee, wrinkling o'er thy face:—
Nor heed'st thou though the grub may scale
Thy stem, and with its loathsome trail
Thy woodland finery disgrace.

Nor how the rugged thorn may tear
Thy mantle, bright with scarlet dye,
When o'er thy splendour fall as fair
Its careless shadows, with every air,
Its rough and cruel panoply.

And, mournful poppy, as I know
Thy burning hue, that, fully blown
With one red sun will come and go,
Is nought but Love in outward show,
And that for Love thou livest alone.

Since I, O flower, by Love am sent
To wander forth and far from hence,
And in thy bloom have found no scent
As in the gardens where I went
Midst other flowers to please my sense;

I leave within thy cup, for this,
A fond salute, a soft adieu:—
And if that weight too heavy is,
Keep but for her I love the kiss,—
For her, indeed, are both the two.

But for this growing defect, we should say that Zorrilla's latter works show a continual progress. In every successive volume, at all events,

the tone of the composition becomes more free and distinct: and we see at last whatever there is of poetry in his own nature, instead of a mere reflection of the mind of others. That his genius is not a deep or a rich one, we may perhaps discover; but what chance can any nature have had for mature growth in these qualities, between French cynicism on the one side and the dead forms of Castilian chivalry and superstition on the other? In choosing to revive the latter, in declaring himself in his riper works a credulous Catholic and a zealous reviver of all buried traditions of past days, Zorrilla may have done better than in merely echoing the crude commonplaces of Young France. But it is evident that the soil in which he is now labouring is one that can no longer nourish anything of deep root or expansive nature:—that a poet of the nineteenth century who takes up credulity of set purpose, who, unable to find a proper field, is content to work in one altogether unreal, even to himself, is not destined to be the restorer of his country's reputation. The following piece—for a part of which only we have room—is one of the better specimens of Zorrilla's progress in writing. To us it has not a little of the native relish;—a certain grave drollery, in which the Spanish Muse has never been surpassed. This is not to be compared with the choicer instances of the same gift—with the pleasantries of Quevedo or Castillejo,—but it is not too far below the level of Gongora.—

Maid of the hills, it e'en must be;
For here for thee I mean to wait,
Hard by the well, unceasingly;
So either to drink is not for thee,
Or I must meet thee, soon or late:—

Nor think to weary this desire;
For me to stay from night to noon,
From morn to eve, is nought to tire;
A life thus busied would expire—
Couldst thou delay so long—too soon.

Nay, more, thou mountain beauty, here
The spot's so cool and kindly gay,
That in my secret thoughts 'tis clear
I fain would have thee linger, dear,
Were it only to prolong my stay.

For here in music many a rill
Goes wandering through the grassy ground;
And here the wood's gay singers trill
Their music through the leaves, and fill
My ears with most melodious sound.

Here the field flowers of various bloom
Abound, and breathe to each care
From their wild cups such sweet perfume,—
I gain because thou dost not come,
More pleasure, far, than thou canst guess.

And wert thou but to come in style
Imperious, coy, with froward gaze,
Stay, mountain maid, some further while,
Till thou hast learned to love and smile,
And turn thy soul to softer ways.

Then count what profit thou canst gain—
If 'tis thy scheme to do me harm—
To shun me thus and far remain:—
For rather would I wait, in vain,
Than feel, past doubt, the broken charm.

In this manner, with little change of idea, the defiance runs on, for eleven stanzas more,—with iteration enough to vex any prude into hysterics. After these come the following,—which end the piece at last. Were there even any hope, says the lover, that you would come with a temper as pleasant as the place,—

It were, indeed, a very bliss
Thy coming, maiden, to expect;
But if to-day that joy I miss,
'Twill prove, at least, how doubtful is
To-morrow's hope,—and so 'tis checked.

But never think to triumph, no!
For firmly as my will retains
This end, of catching thee, although
We may not meet to-day, I know
To-morrow must reward my pains.

I left, thou mountain shepherdess,
My city, and am hither come,
Alone, thy beauty to address,
Nor—were't but for thy frowardness—
Unless with thee, will turn me home.

And this believe, as Holy Writ,
That from this hour, eternally,
Beneath these elm-trees' shade I sit,—
And dream not that I mean to quit
The place, until I go with thee.

I'll make me, while the summer stays,
A tent of marsh reeds entwined;
And in the hoary winter days,
A cabin o'er my ingle's blaze
I'll make to mock the furious wind.

Since thus 'twill be, take heed, and think;
For here I vow for thee to wait
For ever by the fountain's brink;
Where either thou shalt cease to drink,
Or I shall catch thee, soon or late.

Of the *Cantos del Trovador* we can only further say, that they are stories, almost wholly in *redondillas*, gathered from sundry popular and local traditions:—either mystical, of saints and miracles; historical, of notable events and persons; or romantic, of loves, jealousies, and revenge. On these works Zorrilla's fame is said to rest in Spain. Yet they are works that few out of Spain will have patience to read throughout. The small thread of incident is so entangled with needless preambles and descriptions introduced to make a show, that the reader is in frequent danger of losing the story altogether,—and can only keep sight of it by skipping dexterously. Of the manner of these tales, some idea may be given by a few passages which we borrow from one on the old theme of Spanish vengeance. The first is a part only of the preface to a single chapter:—similar openings, we may add, have to be gone through at nearly every stage of each of the stories, until the mere sameness of the device becomes distressing.—

Night is dying out; and yonder, where its shadows melt
away
In a tremulous twilight, eastward, 'gins to blush the dawn
of day.

In the west, the moon retiring glimmers with a waning
light;
And the stars with timid lustre following slowly fade from
sight.

Midst the boughs the north wind whistles, midst the boughs
of leafless trees;
And the stream with icy mirrors glitters where the shallows
freeze.

And the frosty fields are whitened o'er with shifting mist,
that seems
Now to show a glimpse of morning—now the face of silent
streams.

Whence the vapour, reeking upwards, from the chilly surface
steams.
Near are heard the torrents' murmurs, which through broken
precipices

Trickles, changing now its waters into foam that bubbling
hisses;
Now in flakes of white upswelling; floating on with gurgling
sounds;

Now it falls in threads of silver; now with headlong plunges
bounds.

So the description (of the banks of the Esqueba, which have a merely local connexion with the story) is carried on for some fifty couplets more; until a complete inventory has been taken of every bush, rock, and rivulet in the neighbourhood. In the next passage, the business has made a little progress. The jealous husband, Rui Perez, has caught, in that misty morning, a glimpse of his lady's gallant stealing unseasonably out of the postern:—and we have then some thirty lines to depict his surly looks while ruminating on this discovery. At length, he breaks silence—with the name of the lover,—as follows:—

"Mendo Abarcá! this contents me: there's a morrow to
each day:
Honour is redeemed by honour,—and for life, a life must
pay."

Thus in whispers, hoarsely muttered:—suddenly he seized
the light,
And Rui Perez on the staircase calls aloud on Margarita.

At the word the girl descended; calm, bewitching, glad of
mien,
In her rosy tincture showing that her springs were scarce
nineteen.

She's a thing your eyes to dazzle, she's an Eastern loveli-
ness:—
Round a pair of silver bodkins wreath her locks in many a
tress;

Slender is her waist and pliant, quivering with elastic
grace;
Brown complexion, eyes the blackest, tiny foot, and buoyant
pace;

Smiles upon her lips, a forehead calm as Peace herself were
there,
Breathing love and witching graces past the might of man
to bear:—

Stepped she o'er the threshold, asking "What dost thou?"
thou?" With a frown
Perez spoke, nor raised his eyelids, while he answered her
—"Sit down!"

A long catechism brings the lady by degrees to a point which shows that her intrigue is known. Question and answer now proceed with some despatch. The first exclamation in from the fair sinner:—

"Heavens!"—"And know'st thou, Margarita, wrongs like
this I groan beneath,
Have no cure but one?"—"Yet listen!"—"And that only
cure is death?"

"But!"—"No clamour!"—"Hear me!"—"Silence!"—
insult me, speaking more;
And if any breath be left thee, with it read these papers
o'er!"

Then Rui Perez sternly saying, held the love-letters to her
face.
On her knees the lady falling, cried, "Protect me, heavenly
grace!"

It takes, however, above fifty lines more to close this single scene with the wife's punishment.

It will hardly appear, from the preceding extracts, that Zorrilla is a poet of power enough to restore the ancient glories of Spain,—were Spain herself in a condition to favour their revival. Nor do we think this view would be altered could we have given thrice the number of instances from his well-filled volumes. That he writes with extreme facility and some elegance, cannot be denied: nor is he wanting in picturesque imagination and a display of ornament and detail,—which, however, rather impair than heighten the poetical life of his pieces, from a want of proportion in their use, and of that masculine power which should control the subject and not suffer its essential character to be lost in a crowd of subordinate figures and descriptions. We may, on the whole, rather call his a poetical nature than give him the eminent title of poet. Perhaps he has only missed being one through the misfortune of his time, and the influences—adverse to genuine culture of the highest faculties—amidst which it has been his fate to live. An examination of his dramatic performances may possibly show in a clearer light the true measure of his natural gifts. The productions that we have now been reviewing will scarcely entitle him to more than a secondary place amongst writers of the so-called "romantic" school in European literature.

Experimental Researches on the Food of Animals.

By R. D. Thomson, M.D. Longman & Co.

Food for the Million. Longman & Co.

The Products of the Vegetable Kingdom versus the Flesh of Animals as Food. Whittaker.

The Food of Man. 2 vols. Charles Knight.

It has been the boast of modern chemistry that even although the fruits of the earth should fail, it yet possessed the power of converting innumerable matters into substances fit for the food of man. Sawdust and deal boards were to be converted into materials for puddings and quarter loaves; and famine was laughed at as only a fearful shadow for political economists to tremble before. But, alas for these calculations! they were made in the laboratory of the chemist only: and now that famine has really come, the chemist finds that it is in his laboratory only that he can work—and that bread made there would be dearer than the famine price of the baker. But although chemistry has failed in discovering the alkalhest that shall convert everything with which it is mixed into bread, it has succeeded in developing some very important facts with regard to food of which no person in a civilized community should be ignorant.

That which we call food is the raw material out of which man is manufactured: and it is quite as demonstrable that a man who understands the nature of food will be better able to

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fed himself and others than one who is ignorant, as it is that the manufacturer who understands the nature of the raw material of his art will succeed better than one who knows nothing about it. Hence the practical importance of chemistry and the value of its applications. It has not, however, been altogether left for modern science to point out the principles of the art of eating. The philosophers of Greece and the gourmands of Rome equally attempted to apply rules to this art;—the one for securing the greatest amount of healthy development, the other the largest share of sensual indulgence for the body. Along the tide of history there has run an under-current of dietetical literature from the time of Heliogabalus down to that of Dr. Kitchiner and Mrs. Glass. We are not, however, about to discuss the merits of our cookery literature, or descant on the qualities of the dishes prescribed in the last edition of M. Soyer's 'Gastronomy.' Let it suffice to state that a modern chemist has found that how much soever man may cook up his food, all his dishes and viands may be reduced to two—or at most three—classes of food, whose function in the system is the same in every form. It should be known to the gourmand and the fastidious feeder that amidst the vast variety of dishes on which their palates delight to expatiate, there are none which can secure a greater amount of nutrition to the body or a more vigorous state of health than the coarse dishes that the poorest are compelled to consume.

We have frequently called attention in the *Athenæum* to the simple classification of foods given by Liebig and the French chemists as dependent on the functions which they perform in the system. One class of these foods—to which starch, sugar, oily foods, and alcohol in all its forms belong—are called carbonaceous, respiratory, or combustible, because they possess a large quantity of carbon and through the means of the function of respiration maintain the animal heat of the body. A second class are those which, entering into the system, become appropriated as part and parcel of the body,—and are therefore called nutritious, or nourishing kinds of food. Some writers cavil at thus restricting the word "nutrition"; and apply it to those substances which maintain animal heat as well as to the various forms of the nourishing compound protein. We will not object to this use of the term provided the two kinds of nutrition be recognized—as this is a point of the utmost importance. No one scientific fact has perhaps been of so much value in the supply of food to the famishing Irish as this distinction between merely heat-giving foods and nourishing foods. By acting upon a knowledge of this, a proper admixture of the two classes of food has been administered,—and the fatal mistake of giving merely starch—as in sago, tapioca, potato-starch, &c.—has been avoided.

If any further proof were needed of the truth of the chemical theory of diet, it would be supplied by the work of Dr. R. D. Thomson, —who, by a series of very carefully conducted experiments on the diet of cows, has proved beyond a doubt that these two classes of food exert the influence upon the system attributed to them by the chemists. These experiments are the more interesting as being made on animals yielding milk; the composition of which secretion was always regulated by the due supply of the classes of foods which are represented by its sugar, butter, and cheese. As one of the practical results of Dr. Thomson's experiments, we give the following table, containing an approximative estimate of the quantity of nourishing and heat-giving matters in various kinds of food.—

"Approximate Relation of Nutritive to Calorific Matter."

	Relation of Nutritive to Calorific.
Milk.—Food for a growing animal	1 to 2
Beans	1 — 2½
Oatmeal	1 — 3
Semolina	1 — 7
Barley	
English Wheat Flour.—Food for an animal at rest	1 — 8
Potatoes	1 — 9
Rice	1 — 10
Turnips	1 — 11
Arrow-root	
Tapioca	1 — 26
Sago	
Starch	1 — 40

"From this table we are led to infer that the food destined for the animal in a state of exercise should range between milk and wheat flour, varying in its degree of dilution with calorific matter according to the nature and extent of the demands upon the system. The animal system is thus viewed as in an analogous condition to a field from which different crops extract different amounts of matter from the soil, which must be ascertained by experiment. An animal at rest consumes more calorific food in relation to the nutritive constituents than an animal in full exercise. The food, therefore, employed by a person of sedentary habits should contain more calorific and less nutritive matter than one whose occupations cause him to take more exercise. It is to be desired that some light should be thrown on this subject by careful experiments. The food of animals and the manure of plants we thus see afford somewhat of a parallelism. Milk may therefore be used with a certain amount of farinaceous matter, such as the class of flours and meals, with probable advantage; but the dilution should not exceed the prescribed limits. It is thus that we may explain the fact of beans, oats, oatmeal, and barley-meal being used so extensively in the feeding of horses. These articles of food, however, do not suffice alone: calorific matter in the form of hay should also be administered. From this table, likewise, we infer that, as nature has provided milk for the support of the infant mammalia, the constitution of their food should always be formed after this type. Hence we learn that milk, in some form or other, is the true food of children, and that the use of arrow-root, or any of the members of the starch class, where the relation of the nutritive to calorific matter is as 1 to 26 instead of being as 1 to 2, by an animal placed in the circumstances of a human infant, is opposed to the principles unfolded by the preceding table."

Although Dr. Thomson's general conclusions confirm those of previous chemists—some of his especial results are, in a degree, opposed to those obtained by other chemists. Thus, in the table, to the oat is given a higher nutritive value than wheat-flour; and the quantity of nutritive matter in the potato is greater than is given by most chemists. Before leaving this subject, we must caution our readers against regarding the numbers in this table as referring to the absolute bulk of the food named,—as the water has in every case been subtracted. Potatoes contain from 70 to 75 per cent. of water,—and flour, maize, barley, and beans from 10 to 14. Oatmeal contains 6 per cent, and tapioca, arrowroot and sago, from 10 to 13.

The scarcity of food in this country occasioned by the loss of the potato crop has, as might have been expected, produced an abundant recommendation of various substitutes for the potato. Only two of these seem to have been generally used, or are likely to be subsequently employed—maize and beans. The former plant is cultivated in great quantities in America, although it cannot be successfully grown in this country: and it has been imported here from the United States in prodigious quantities. It contains about 7 per cent. of nutritious matter and 10 per cent. of water;—so that in nutritive qualities it stands between wheat and potatoes. Should it be brought into the English market with a price between that of wheat-flour and potatoes, it must have a large consumption in this country. Those who wish to know more

about maize we must refer to 'Food for the Million':—which is a volume especially dedicated to the discussion of its virtues. The other article, beans—also brought in large quantities from America—is also deserving of attention as a substitute for the potato on account of the large quantities of nourishing matter which these contain—as may be seen by Dr. Thomson's table. The only objection to this form of diet is its indigestibility:—but where the health and strength are good, all forms of leguminous seeds may be advantageously taken as food.

We will not waste the time of our readers nor our own in dwelling upon the absurdity of those who are endeavouring to persuade mankind that for five thousand years they have made a grand mistake in eating animal food, and that they were intended to consume only vegetables. Such notions are opposed alike to sound science and to the health and happiness of men. Let us imagine a nation drinking cold water, eating vegetables, and repudiating the produce of the loom as clothing—and we have a community of barbarians. To this, however, some of our well-meaning philanthropists would reduce us if we could be persuaded to act upon their maxims.

Norwegian Fairy Tales and Legends—[*Norwegische Volks Mährchen*]. London, Thimm; Berlin, Simion.

It was in 1819 that the brothers Grimm published the second edition of their 'Kinder und Haus Mährchen.' The work appeared as a Children's Offering;—and well has it fulfilled its mission of ministering to their wonder and delight. But its authors well knew that it was, besides, a treasure house of lore which could be fully appreciated only by the maturer intelligence of learned men. "When storm or some other disaster (says Jacob Grimm) sent by Heaven, has blasted an entire harvest, we still find under the shelter of some low hedge or bush by the wayside a little unscathed spot where a few scattered ears remain erect. These, when the sun again shines on them, grow up solitary and unnoticed. No early sickle reaps them for the spacious granary: but as the summer declines and they grow full and ripe, poor and humble hands come to pluck them,—and so, carefully bound, and more prized than whole sheaves might be in other circumstances, they are borne home to become the winter sustenance,—perhaps the seed for a future harvest." In this simple and beautiful simile, Grimm does not point merely to the charm of fairy tales as the genuine and earliest expression of the poetic and imaginative element of nations,—but to the interest, also, which attaches to them as oral traditions handed down from far centuries yet not traceable to any known poet or imaginative writer. The *Mährchen* and *Sagas*—those remnants of the primitive national voice—the scattered ears under the hedge—are not alone the many-coloured web of fancy woven to satisfy the caprice of the moment. They serve also as a record of the customs of their respective nations;—and under the inartificial language in which they are related are clearly discernible a moral significance and the religious sentiment of the age. "In them are preserved thoughts respecting the divine and the spiritual in human life; the faith and dogmas of the olden time, infused and bodied forth in the epic element which develops itself simultaneously with a nation's growth."

Again, it is not only to the investigator of primitive customs and ancient creeds that these traditionary legends are an exhaustless source of information. The etymologist, too, draws from them an abundant harvest. When baffled in his endeavour to trace words that have been obsolete for centuries—unconnected, apparently without affinity—dead both in song and history—

let him dive amongst the Sagas and the Mährchen; and there he has every chance of finding the clue that will guide him out of his perplexity. Hence these collections—which have now been accumulating for not much less than half a century—have had an influence on philology and the comparative study of language little dreamt of by the dull personages who smile superciliously at fairy tales as fit only for children. Some, indeed, would even go so far as to banish them altogether—as corruptive of taste and unfavourable to the formation of sages like themselves.

The Grimms were the first who led the way to this long neglected domain of literature. They gave their collection of Mährchen just as they had received them from the people—in the very dialect employed by the reciters. How useful in numerous points of view their labours have proved is daily shown: and the advice which they gave that these Mährchen should be universally collected has been generally followed—especially by our German neighbours, who have laboured in this field with their characteristic industry and perseverance. Year by year the Mährchen treasure has been augmented and enriched. Labourers have arisen in all the provinces of that country. From Suabia to Pomerania, no dialect has failed to contribute its share. Every district has furnished tales and legends; till a collection has been got together not unlike that which the Emperor of China is in the habit of forming out of the ballads that annually emanate from the various provinces of the Celestial Empire—and from the tenor of which he infers the political and social condition of his subjects.

From what has been said, it is easy to understand the favourable reception which the Mährchen and Sagas have found with studious men—however differing from each other in mental habits. It will not be wondered at that such men as Tieck and Ernst Moritz—Arndt, wearied with politics—and Clements Brentano, exhausted with abstruse thoughts or extravagant theories—should love to refresh themselves by occasional wanderings in the beautiful and fantastic fairy world.

The Grimms have thus rendered good service not only to the German language but to all other tongues and dialects. We might easily enumerate a score of books, Wallachian, Russian, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, &c., in which this branch of literature has been cultivated—and is still growing. It is to be regretted that the collection of Norwegian Volks Mährchen now before us is not accompanied with some prefatory notice by its compilers, P. Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Moe. We conclude, at least, that had there been such it would not have been omitted in the German version, by Friedrich Bresemann—which is now before us. The want of some introductory remarks on the genius or characteristics of Norwegian *Fæerie* is poorly supplied by a short introduction which, marked with the name of Tieck, raised without gratifying our expectation. Of the fifty-two tales contained in these two volumes several are versions of friends familiar to our childhood,—differing only in a few unimportant circumstances. Amongst the rest we do not find many distinctive peculiarities indicative of their being the indigenous product of Norway rather than of any other land. We were struck, however, by the employment of the word *Troll* to designate the *genus* Sorcerer;—those evil-disposed beings temporarily endued with supernatural power dependent on some contingency, and whose vocation it is to work woe to the innocent and lovely of both sexes though destined ultimately to be destroyed by the most helpless of either. The accurate signification of the Swedish word *Troll*, and of the

Danish *Trold*, is elf, imp, or goblin; i. e. a supernatural being,—not one of the human race possessing under certain conditions and limitations superhuman powers. The ordinary words for the latter are in Swedish—*Troll-karl* for the male sorcerer, and *Troll-kona* for the female. In Danish the corresponding appellations are—*Trold-mand*, *Trold-karl*, and *Trold-hex*. It is not impossible that in the Norwegian original similar distinctions are made, which may have been overlooked by the German translator:—and we are inclined to suppose that this may be the case, because in some instances he has used the words *Troll-hex*, *Troll-weib*, and *Troll-könig* in the same sense as *Troll* in others.

The tales are narrated in that naïve language, with occasionally a lurking vein of humour, which is usual to fairy lore. Poor men with so many children as would suffice to make rich ones poor—a daughter of surpassing beauty, generally the youngest and the drudge of the family—princes wandering about in the forms of wild ducks—clever and tractable horses, or most agreeable bears, all conversing in human language without exciting the least surprise—kings ever prompt to bestow a daughter and half of their realm (in those days of the dim past, projects of wholesale abdication were not the fashion) on the first adventurer (beggar, thief, or prince, as fate might decree) who would undertake to perform some apparently impossible feat—constitute the leading characters in these, as in kindred tales of other lands. Some of the tales are, however, without the supernatural element:—and one of these we select as a specimen. We wish it, however, to be understood that in so doing we are wholly free from having any didactic intention as respects our countrywomen. We are thoroughly convinced, of course, that amongst ourselves such wives as she of *Gudbrand of the Mount* are the rule and not the exception; and the wager laid suggests, we fear, that such cannot have been the case—in those days at least—in Norway. We are led to the selection principally because the moderate length of the tale renders it suitable to our restricted space.—

Gudbrand of the Mount.

There was a man whose name was Gudbrand. He had a little farm which was situated very high up on the slope of a mountain; and on this account his neighbours called him Gudbrand of the Mount. He and his wife lived so contentedly and friendly together, that whatever he did his wife thought was so well done that it could not by any possibility have been better done; let him do what he would, she always found cause to rejoice at it. They had their little bit of land, three hundred crowns in their coffer, and in the stable a couple of cows for the yoke. One day his wife said to Gudbrand: "I think we should do well to take one of our cows into town and sell her, so as to have a few shillings ready money to spend. We are so well to do in the world, that we ought to have a few shillings at hand like our neighbours. We must not break into the three hundred dollars in the coffer; and I know not, for my part, what we want with more than one cow. Then, there is another advantage also in parting with her; for I shall only have one cow to look after, whilst now I must bother myself with two." Well, so thought Gudbrand, and what she had said was quite right and reasonable: so he took the cow into town in order to sell her. But, as it happened, there was no one in all the town who would buy her. "Very well," said Gudbrand, "I'll go home again with my cow. I have got both stall and yoke for her; it is no farther one way than the other."—and so saying, he soon consoled himself, and began to jog homeward. He had not got far, however, before he met a man with a horse for sale. Now, thought Gudbrand, it is better to have a horse than a cow: and thereupon he exchanged with the man. But when he had gone a little further, he met another who was driving a fat pig; and then Gudbrand thought it would be still

better to have a fat pig than a horse:—so he exchanged again. He proceeded on his way, and presently met a man with a goat. "Surely it is better still to have a goat than a pig," said Gudbrand: and once more he changed. He went on a good way farther, and at last a man came towards him with a sheep: and then he exchanged as before—"for surely," thought he, "a sheep is better than a goat." On he went, till at last he met a man with a goose: and then the worthy Gudbrand exchanged his sheep for the goose. After this he walked on a long, long way, till he met a man with a cock: and then he changed once more—"for in fact," thought he, "it is better to have a cock than a goose." He then walked on till the day was almost spent and he began to feel very hungry: so he sold the cock for three stiver, and bought with them something to eat—"because," thought Gudbrand of the Mount, "it is far better to carry home my life than a cock." Thereupon, he continued his way home till he reached the farm belonging to his nearest neighbour, and went into the house.—"Well, how did you speed in town?" asked his friends.—"Oh, only so so," said Gudbrand: "I have not much to boast of,—nor to complain of neither;" and then he told them all he had done from beginning to end.—"Well! you'll catch it well from your wife when you get home, I guess," said the owner of the farm. "Heaven help you! I should not like to be in your skin!"—"After all, matters might have gone much worse," replied Gudbrand of the Mount. "But, well or ill, I have such a good kind wife that she never reproaches me, let me do what I may."—"Ah, that may be very true," said the man, "but I don't believe it, however."—"Shall we lay a wager about it?" rejoined Gudbrand of the Mount: "I have a hundred dollars in my coffer; will you bet me as much to the contrary?"—"Done!" said the neighbour: and as it was growing dusk, they both betook themselves to Gudbrand's farm. The neighbour stood outside the door to listen, whilst Gudbrand went in to his wife.—"Good evening," said he, as he entered.—"Good evening," said his wife. "God be praised! So you are come back!" Yes, he was come back. Then she asked him what luck he had had in the town. "Ah, so so!" replied Gudbrand: "I can't boast much of my luck. When I got into town I could not find anybody to buy the cow,—so I exchanged her for a horse."—"Well done! I must give you credit for that," said she. "People as well off as we are have as good right to ride to church as other folks; and if we have the wit to get a horse why should we not? Go along, old man, lead the horse here!"—"Not so fast," said Gudbrand: "I haven't got the horse; for after I had had him a while I exchanged him for a pig."—"No, did you now?" cried his wife; "that is just exactly what I would have done myself! Thanks, you dear good man! Now I shall have a bit of bacon in the house to set before our friends when they come in. On second thoughts, what did we want with a horse? The neighbours would only have said we were grown so grand that we could no longer walk to church as we used to do. Off with you, old man, and bring piggy in!"—"Ah, but I haven't got piggy to bring in," said Gudbrand: "for after I had gone a little further, I exchanged him for a milch goat."—"You don't say so! What a good manager you are!" exclaimed his wife: "for when I consider of it, what business have we with a pig? The neighbours would say—those people are eating themselves out of house and home. Nay, now that I have a goat, I shall have milk and cheese, and keep the goat into the bargain. Fetch her in!"—"Not so," said Gudbrand: "there is no goat to fetch; for after going a little further still, I gave the goat in exchange for a fine fat sheep."—"No!" cried his wife: "why you have done everything just as I could wish: just exactly as if I had been there myself. What a plague the goat would have been! I must have been always looking after her; scrambling up the mountain and sliding down again! Now that I have got a sheep, I shall have wool and clothing in the house and something to eat besides. Bring the sheep in, husband!"—"But I haven't got the sheep neither," said Gudbrand: "for as I walked on I exchanged it for a goose."—"Bravo! a thousand thanks," said the wife: "what use would the sheep have been to me? I have neither spinning-wheel nor distaff, nor don't want them neither, to be worrying and teasing myself with spin-

ing clothes as we always do. I should like to know how low I can get. Nay, answered Gudbrand, the goose is much a cleverer animal than the woman. I should my. you had better every morning right time to have been of dress goose: eye grass. G there is no c I had not f dreadfully h for three st Well, then whatever y I wish. We and, thank morning. I ab and sou I want nee cow." I won the neighbour w done so. "Die Ju Virgin Ma collection collection version of a Swedish East Goth (Die zw ducks), or flection, is (the twelve with two v There is, in leading ide throughout Our limits parallel in Norwegian addition gathered in collection as the Ger Research of the Prichard This book volume of work ent History of think of r collected—deduced—great indu—social— On sub handles t ence of d formation character: many casu allude m persons e to be aff muscular to depen chiefly to tion of th limit ren But a que satisfact Indian n

ing clothes; we can just go on buying our clothes as we always have done. Now I shall at last taste a bit of goose,—which I have been wishing for, I don't know how long; and I can stuff my pillow with the feathers. Go as fast as you can and bring the goose in!" "Nay, but I have not got the goose neither," answered Gudbrand; "for after a while I exchanged the goose for a cock."—"Heaven only knows how much a clever thought came into your head!" resumed the woman: "you have done everything exactly as I should myself. A cock! why that's as good as if you had bought an alarm; for the cock will crow every morning at four o'clock, and we shall know the right time to be on our legs again. The goose would have been of no use to us, for I don't know how to dress goose; and as for my pillow I can stuff that with dry grass. Go, husband, and bring the cock!"—"But there is no cock to bring," answered Gudbrand: "for I had not gone much further before I became so dreadfully hungry that I was obliged to sell the cock for three stiver and buy food to save my life."—"Well, then, you did quite right!" cried his wife: "whatever you do, you are always sure to do just what I wish. We want no cock! we are our own masters, and, thank heaven, can lie as late as we like in the morning. Now God be praised! so that I have you safe and sound again—you who do everything so well. I want neither cock, nor goose, nor pig, nor horse, nor cow."—Then Gudbrand opened the door. "Have I won the hundred crowns?" said he:—and his neighbour was obliged to confess that he had fairly done so.

'Die Jungfrau Maria als Gevatterinn' (the Virgin Mary as godmother) of the Norwegian collection is a version of Marienkind in the collection of the Grimms. They notice another version of the same tale current in Hesse—and a Swedish tale very similar to it preserved in East Gothland.

'Die zwölf wilde Enten' (the twelve wild ducks), one of the prettiest legends in the collection, is closely related to *Die Zwölf Brüder* (the twelve brothers),—of which the Grimms met with two versions also in different parts of Hesse. There is, in fact, no doubt that a similarity in the leading ideas of the national tales is to be traced throughout all the northern countries of Europe. Our limits will not suffer us to follow out the parallel in the other tales.—On the whole, the Norwegian work may be considered a valuable addition to the harvest of fairy lore already gathered in: and we hope soon to see as rich a collection of fairy legends of our own country as the Germans already possess.

Researches into the History of the Oceanic and of the American Nations. By Dr. J. C. Prichard. Sherwood & Co.

THIS book forms the fifth and concluding volume of the author's curious and elaborate work entitled 'Researches into the Physical History of Mankind.' Whatever readers may think of many of the facts which the writer has collected—or of the inferences which he has deduced—no one will deny him the praise of great industry, patience, and honesty of purpose—associated generally with sound views.

On subjects such as Dr. Prichard professedly handles there could not fail to be much difference of opinion. Take that of physical conformation, for instance. That nations have characteristics of their own is perceptible in many cases at the first glance. We do not alude merely to colour—which is found in persons even of the same nation and country to be affected by locality; nor to stature or muscular development—which are often found to depend on accidental causes. We refer chiefly to the hands, the feet, and the formation of the head; which do unquestionably exhibit remarkable differences in different races. But a question arises which has not yet been satisfactorily discussed:—how far have the Indian mothers themselves by their artificial

treatment of their infants occasioned some of these peculiarities? After all, however, peculiarities enough will be found to prevail which can be referable only to the hereditary distinctions of race;—though whether these distinctions have existed from the dispersion of mankind over the earth or have been produced by local and isolated causes, subject to general physical laws, is a problem not likely to be solved in our day. It is true that year after year considerable accessions are made to our stock of knowledge, modifying or correcting preconceived opinions. Such is the following:—

"A fact observed by M. d'Orbigny must be taken into consideration. This writer informs us that the colour of the South American nations bears a very decided relation to the dampness or dryness of the atmosphere. People who dwell for ever under the shade of dense and lofty forests clothing the deep valleys which lie under the precipitous declivities of the eastern branches of the Cordillera, and the vast luxuriant plains of the Orinoko and Maragnon, are comparatively white, while the Quichua, exposed to the solar heat in dry open spaces of the mountains, are of a much deeper shade. This is perhaps very analogous to what occurs in other parts of the world, though the fact has not been so precisely noted. M. d'Orbigny is not the only person who has made the observation in regard to the South American nations. Sir Robert Schomburgk, a most intelligent traveller, and a man of accurate observation, who has traversed many parts of South America and has attentively studied the history of the native inhabitants, without having seen the work of D'Orbigny, has made to me precisely the same remark as a general result of his personal observation on the native inhabitants of different regions in the New World."

Ages must, however, elapse ere we shall have sufficient data on which to raise a true fabric of inductive reasoning. Facts have to be classified as well as collected; and for these two purposes the life of any one man, though wholly devoted to the inquiry and protracted beyond the usual term, would be insufficient. Still, the conclusions of the few who, like Dr. Prichard, have exhibited labour and acuteness in the investigation are entitled to much respect. He says—

"The following inferences appear to result from the survey of the American nations:—1. That all the different races, aboriginal in the American continent, or constituting its earliest known population, belong, including the Esquimaux, as far as their history and languages have been investigated, to one family of nations. 2. That these races display considerable diversities in their physical constitution, though, if we may place reliance on the preceding observation, derived from one original stock, and still betraying indications of mutual resemblance. 3. That there is nothing in the physical structure of these races tending to prove an original diversity from the rest of mankind. 4. There is nothing in their psychology so different from other nations as to give any reason for supposing them a different species."

For the steps which have enabled the writer to arrive at these conclusions we refer to the work itself.

There is no less uncertainty as to language: also a subject as yet in its infancy—and that, notwithstanding the acute investigations of the German philologists. We must wait until lexicons shall have been formed, grammars constructed, and dialects compared, before we can pronounce safely on it. At present, there is no agreement as to the fundamental principles. Baron W. Humboldt insists that there is but one prime original language (however subdivided into dialects) diffused over the islands of the Indian seas and Oceania:—Crawford and Marsden that there are two at least, radically distinct from each other. One thing seems clear—that the monosyllabic roots of the widely-extended Malayo-Polynesian language have great affinity with the Chinese; while in another language

supposed to be nearly co-extensive with it the dissyllabic obtains. It is a curious fact, too, that both are pervaded by roots of Sanscrit origin. But as they have no inflexions either for nouns or verbs, they differ *toto cælo* in construction from that famous Asiatic tongue which is one of the most elaborately compounded on earth. Such languages can harmonize only by lopping off the excrescences of the later and more artificial language—later, we mean, in the order of adoption, not more recent in its age. That colonies speaking a dialect of the Sanscrit, at a period anterior to historic records, have established themselves in Java, Borneo, and other islands of the Indian Archipelago, is indisputable on the evidence of both language and tradition: and from these islands the stream of colonization has spread eastward over the whole of Oceania, even to Mexico and Peru. In fact, though our author does not notice it, there are many words in the modern Peruvian identical with those of the Malayo-Polynesian—as any one may easily satisfy himself by comparing the Gospels in the former language with the vocabularies of the latter. But after all, little certainty can be attained in such speculations until more facts shall be before us. One thing is clear—both from organic conformation and from the prime elements of speech—that races occupy the islands of the vast ocean differing as much from one another as the dominant caste of Mexico did from that of Peru.

A third distinction in races—that of mythologic traditions—is subject to as much uncertainty as that of language. As colonies of different people carried the one, so would they the other, to every island and country which they selected for their habitation; and after the lapse of ages it must be a hopeless task to attempt to separate either from those of the more ancient inhabitants. Of these traditions many are very curious—and worthy of notice, as suggesting co-incidental affinities with those of other people geographically remote from the scene.—

"The Tongan people have an ancient tradition which seems to record an obscure recollection of their arrival at their present abode, and of the direction in which they must in all probability have come. It contains a fable as to the origin of the Island of Tonga, which, when we take into the account the real geological formation of coral islands, elevated from the ocean as they are supposed to have been by volcanic force, is so much the more remarkable. In the first place they have an earthly mansion of the gods, not, like Olympus or Mount Alborj, or Maha Meru, a lofty summit, for high mountains were unknown to the natives of Tonga-Tabu. The divine region of these natives of the ocean is a beautiful island situated far to the north-eastward of their own land, ever blooming with the most beautiful flowers, which fill the air with fragrant and delightful odours, and bear the richest and most delicious fruits. When these are plucked, the same immortal plants bring forth others to replace them. Birds of the most splendid plumage fill the groves of this enchanted land, where there are also abundance of hogs to supply the tables of the Hotooas or gods and demi-gods; and when for this purpose either a bird or a hog is killed, another immediately comes into existence to supply its place. This island of Bolotoo, as it is named, is so far distant from Tonga that the voyage would be dangerous for canoes, and these would be sure to miss it unless it were decreed otherwise by the particular determination of the gods. There is, indeed, a myth that in times long past the crew of a canoe returning from Figi and driven by stress of weather, in extreme want, descried an unknown land. Seeing the country rich with all sorts of esculent plants, they landed and began to pluck some bread-fruit, but were astonished to find that they laid hold on a mere shadow: they walked through the trunks of trees and the walls of houses, which were built like those of Tonga without feeling any resisting substance. At length they saw some of the Hotooas, but found that their bodies were unsubstantial forms. The Hotooas recommended them to depart imme-

diately, and promised fair winds and a speedy course. Accordingly prosperous gales impelled them with wonderful celerity, and in the space of two days they arrived at Hamoa or the Navigators' Isles, where they touched, and afterwards reached Tonga with great speed. In a few days they all died, which was the natural consequence of their having breathed the air of Bolotoo."

One of the divinities of these islands—a very gigantic being, the motion of whose body produces earthquakes—is identical with the Enceladus of classic fable. And as to the paradise described in the above extract, how little does it differ from that of several American tribes, or even from that where Arthur slumbers! The following is curious.—

"We now come to the myths which relates to the origin of known and habitable lands. According to the Tongan mythology, the gods, the ocean, Bolotoo, and the heavenly bodies, had always existed. Nought else was to be seen above the level of the sea. The god Tangaloa went out to fish, and having let down from the sky his hook and line, he caught something of immense weight, and which resisted his efforts to raise it. Believing that he had hooked an immense fish he exerted all his strength, and presently there appeared above the surface points of rock, which increased in number and extent. The line broke just as the god had succeeded in raising the islands of Tonga above the level of the ocean. The rock on which his hook struck is still to be seen in the island of Hoonga, with the hole in which it caught, and the hook was in the possession of the Tūtonga family till it was some time since accidentally destroyed. Tangaloa having raised the group of islands above the sea, next filled them with fruit and animals like those of Bolotoo, but perishable and of inferior quality. He sent his two sons, Toobó and Váca-ácow-ooli, with their wives to people it. Váca-ácow-ooli was wise and virtuous; Toobó idle and depraved. Envy the prosperity of his brother, Toobó at length killed him. Tangaloa, enraged at this, sent Váca-ácow-ooli and his family with prosperous gales to an eastern land, where they became ancestors of the Papalangis or White People. The descendants of Toobó were condemned to be black because their hearts were bad: they remained at Tonga, and are the present race of inhabitants."

Again, as to the Tahitian people.—

"The tradition of this tribe, like the myths of all Pagan nations, represents the first men, not as created by God, but as produced in the way of generation from the invisible beings who are supposed to have pre-existed. The island of Raiatea, which is looked upon by the Tahitians as a sort of sacred land or paradise, was the scene of the first incarnation of the Tii (Dii) or spirits who had there immorally dwelt. *Tii Maaraata*, or 'the spirit reaching towards the land,' and *Tii Maaraati*, 'the spirit spreading towards the sea,' or the geni of earth and ocean, were the first of these invisible beings who obtained bodies and begot the human race. They settled at Opoa, a plain in Raiatea, and after peopling that island spread their family over the rest of the archipelago. Others say that Tii was not properly a spirit, but the first man made by the gods, and that his wife was sometimes called Tii and at others Hina; and that their spirits surviving the dissolution of the body were still called Tii, and were worshipped as the ghosts of the departed till idolatry was abolished at Tahiti. Mr. Ellis observes that in the Ladrone prayers were offered to Aniti, who, like the Tii, were regarded both as the *manes* of the dead and as a sort of inferior divinities. The maker of the world is called by the Tahitians Taaroa, which seems to be only a dialectic modification of Tangaloa, the name of the Tongan god, who fished up the islands from the sea. Taaroa is sometimes said to have worked so hard in making the land that his perspiration ran down in salt streams and formed the sea. But he is by others believed to have descended like Jupiter the Æther, and to have rendered the earth pregnant, whence the heavenly bodies and all visible objects had their commencement of existence, as well as Tii and Operoa, a son and daughter, who were the ancestors of the human race."

The notion of a universal deluge is well known

throughout Oceania,—as in every other part of the world.

"Like most other nations, they have their tradition of a universal deluge. In the principal facts these traditions are the same in the different groups of islands, but they differ in the several particulars. The Tahitian story is, that Taaroa, being angry with men on account of their disobedience, overturned the world into the sea, excepting a few projecting points, or *aurus*, which constituted the present cluster of islands. The tradition among the inhabitants of Eimeo is that after the flood a man landed from a canoe near Tiataepua, in their island, and built an altar, or *marae*, in honour of his god. The tradition in the Leeward Islands is much the same with that of Raiatea. Soon after the peopling of the world by the descendants of Taata, *Ruahatu*, the Neptune of the South Sea Islanders, was reposing in his coralline groves in the depths of the ocean. A fisherman, regardless of the *tabu* and sacredness of the place, lowered his hooks, which became entangled in the hair of the sleeping god. For a long time he strove in vain to draw them up again; and at last the god, roused from his slumbers, appeared at the surface, upbraided him for his impiety, and declared that the land should be destroyed for the sin. The affrighted fisherman implored forgiveness, and *Ruahatu*, moved by his prayers, directed him to proceed with his wife and child to a small island called Toamarama, which is situated within the reefs on the eastern side of Raiatea, where he might find a safe refuge. The man obeyed, and took with him to the place appointed, not only his wife and child, but, as some say, a friend also, and a dog, pig, and a pair of fowls. They reached the refuge before the close of the day, when the waters began to rise, drove the inhabitants of the shores from their dwellings, and gradually increased, till in the morning only the tops of the mountains appeared; these were afterwards covered, and all the people perished. When they had subsided, the fisherman and his family took up their abode on the main land, and became the progenitors of the present inhabitants."

The people of the Fijis, Feejees, or Vitian archipelago seem to be as savage as any in the whole range of Oceania. Human sacrifices are of daily occurrence. These are probably derived in some way from a savage tribe of Borneo,—where a young man is not even allowed to marry until he can show the skull of some one whom he has killed. But these people cannot even launch a canoe without anointing it with the blood of some dozen human victims:—and they seldom allow their kindred or parents to die a natural death. Our present concern, however, is with their mythology, and with their religious rather than their social characteristics.—

"They have a tradition that they and other races were born from two original parents. The Fijis was first born: he was wicked and was black: the Tongan next, was less wicked, whiter, and had therefore more clothes given to him. White men or Papalangis came last: they were virtuous, white, and had plenty of clothes. They have a tradition of a great flood, from which eight persons escaped to the island of Mbenga, where the highest of their gods made his appearance. By virtue of this tradition the chiefs of Mbenga take precedence of all others. This seems to indicate that the tradition is at least fundamentally genuine: without such confirmation we should suspect it to be the distorted relation of something told originally by missionaries. The Vitian pantheon contains numerous deities. The highest is Ndengei, who is worshipped in the form of a great serpent, alleged to dwell in a district near the western end of Viti-levu. He is the judge of the dead, but all spirits are not able to reach his abode. A great giant armed with an axe stands in the way and attempts to wound them, and wounded spirits cannot appear before Ndengei: they wander about the mountains. Next to Ndengei Toikarambe and Tai Lakambe come; they are sons of Ndengei. His grandchildren are likewise numerous; they preside over woods and forests. In addition to their beneficent gods they have malicious ones, who dwell in Mbulu or Hades, a subterranean vault. They have various notions

about the fate of the dead: the only general fact is that a belief in the future state of spirits is universally and undoubtingly received. It is connected with no notion of religious or moral obligation. The passage to the future state is looked upon as a removal from a state of suffering to one of happiness. The Amhats or priests have great influence and support the power of the chiefs. The office of Amhats is mostly hereditary."

The mythologic traditions of the American continent are not less curious than those of the islands. There are some which bear a remarkable affinity with those of Thibet and Tartary:—while one relating to the renewal of mankind after a deluge has considerable resemblance to that of Deucalion. But for further mythologic extracts we must refer to the volume.

The languages of the American continent exhibit some striking peculiarities.—

"In America," says Baron Von Humboldt "and this result of more modern researches is extremely important with respect to the history of our species, from the country of the Esquimaux to the banks of the Orinoko, and again, from these torrid banks to the frozen climate of the Straits of Magellan, mother-tongues, entirely different with regard to their roots, have, if we may use the expression, the same physiognomy. Striking analogies of grammatical construction are acknowledged, not only in the more perfect languages, as that of the Incas, the Aymara, the Guarini, the Mexican, and the Cora, but also in languages extremely rude. Idioms, the roots of which do not resemble each other more than the roots of the Slavonian and Biscayan, have those resemblances of internal mechanism which are found in the Sanscrit, the Persian, the Greek, and the German languages. Almost everywhere in the New World we recognize a multiplicity of forms and tenses in the verb, an industrious artifice to indicate beforehand, either by inflection of the personal pronouns which form the terminations of the verb, or by an intercalated suffix, the nature and the relation of its object and its subject, and to distinguish whether the object be animate or inanimate, of the masculine or the feminine gender, simple or in complex number. It is on account of this general analogy of structure; it is because American languages, which have no word in common, the Mexican for instance and the Quichua, resemble each other by their organization, and form complete contrasts with the languages of Latin Europe, that the Indians of the missions familiarise themselves more easily with other American idioms than with the language of the mistress country."

Again.—

"In a great number of languages, of which no grammars or dictionaries yet exist, there are still specimens which afford a tolerable opportunity of estimating their general character and analogies, and as far as these data extend it would appear that similar laws of construction are universal among the idioms of the New World. 'Many of these languages, as that of the Lenni Lenape in particular, would rather appear from their construction to have been formed by philosophers in their closets than by savages in the wilderness.' This is an assertion which, though true, appears improbable, and the author of the remark offers the best defence that can be given. 'If it should be asked,' he says, 'how this can have happened, I can only answer that I have been ordered to collect and ascertain facts, and not to build theories.'"

Of the fact here asserted we have lately seen many illustrations—and none more remarkable than that afforded by Howse's 'Grammar of the Cree Language.' How it is that some languages have inflections without end (as many as twenty-seven cases of nouns and conjugal terminations *ad infinitum*), while others have none at all,—is a curious question: yet such is the fact in Oceania. On the other hand, those of continental America, as we have just seen, are complex—so elaborately formed as to exceed the elaboration of the most artificial of the Asiatic. An example will make this strange fact more intelligible.—

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not a very long one, the phrase, 'come with the canoe and take us across the river.' The word is *nadhohol*. The first syllable, *nad*, is derived from the word *nada*, 'to fetch'; the second, *hol*, is put for *amochol*, a boat or canoe; *ineen* is the verbal termination meaning us, as in *millineen*, 'give us.' The simple ideas expressed by these fragments of words are, *fetch-in come-us*; but its usual acceptation is, 'come and fetch us across the river with a canoe.' The verb thus formed is conjugated through all the moods and tenses, which are in the Delaware language very numerous and complicated. Thus *nadhoholawall* is the form of the third person singular indicative in the present tense and passive voice: it means, 'he is fetched over the river in a canoe.'

Characteristics so clearly belonging to one great family of languages seem to indicate an original identity of race. Yet we must hesitate in adopting this natural conclusion when we consider that languages thus grammatically affiliated are extremely divergent as to the roots themselves. How is it that this identity of artificial forms is co-existent with the widest possible difference in the words and the signification of words? The more we inquire, the more we shall be puzzled to explain. The same anomaly, however, is strikingly observable in the languages of Asia,—from the elaborate Sanscrit to the simple and monosyllabic Chinese. Probably, it never will be explained by known laws; but must be referred to distinctive peculiarities existing long anterior to the establishment of all social communities. Be this as it may, the knowledge of the fact is likely to be as useful as the fact is curious. It determines to a certain extent (the precise extent has yet to be discovered) the affinity of nations—*or*, we should rather say, families of nations—formerly thought to be separated from one another as widely as the poles.

MEDICAL WORKS.

A Dictionary of Practical Medicine. Parts XV. and XVI. By James Copland, M.D., F.R.S. —This work—which on its first appearance was regarded by the medical profession as one of the best digests of practical medicine—still maintains its high character; and although the author must have grown grey since he commenced its publication, yet exhibits the care and research with which the earlier parts are written. Still, we have to regret that it is an unfinished work. The eleventh part brings us as far as our alphabetical journey as *Pleura*; and judging from works of a similar nature, a quarter of this at least remains to come. It has, if we remember rightly, been about twelve years in progress:—so that in four years more we may expect the completion of the undertaking. Were this the only medical work thus dragging its very length along, we might pass the matter over; but the subject is becoming a serious one to both publisher and purchaser. The one is losing the sale of a complete work and the other obliged to put up with an incomplete one. There is but one method of obviating such a state of things—and that is for the public to determine not to purchase works that come out in parts at uncertain periods. Dr. Copland has offered no apology for the delay of his work; and we, therefore, conclude that his tardiness has been to suit his own convenience. We hope, however, that, as these two parts followed each other more rapidly than usual, the author is making more progress than formerly—and that we may not, in fact, have to wait four years ere we can place his volumes in our library as a complete work.

Dr. Tavernier's *Treatise on the Treatment of Deformities of the Spine.* Translated by Dr. Brewer. —The treatment of deformities is unfortunately frequently unsuccessful; and thus in the permanence of the disease a field is held out for those who would profit by the hopes and fears of the afflicted. That all kinds of spinal deformity should be treated in the same way no rational man should for a moment imagine to be the case; and yet in most books upon the subject some one plan is proposed. The plan recommended in this book, "without extension beds or crutches," may be, for aught we know to the contrary, a good one in some cases of deformity: but that this, or any

other, is adapted for all cases we do not believe. Therefore, we must place this book amongst those which are more calculated to mislead than to guide aright in the treatment of an important class of diseases.

A Reply to the Review of Dr. Drummond's First Steps to Anatomy contained in the British and Foreign Medical Quarterly Review. —We mentioned Dr. Drummond's little work when it appeared; and are sorry to find him in this paragraph endeavouring to defend himself from what we must regard as the merited remarks of a contemporary. We would rather have seen him expending his energies on a new edition of his book,—which, happy as is the idea that originated it and good as itself is, might still be much improved.

Curtis's Botanical Magazine. —This magazine, under the able superintendence of Sir William Jackson Hooker, still continues its illustrations of new and rare plants. The drawings are generally very faithful; but we should like to see more dissection and a more liberal use of the microscope in the representation of the plants. The botanist as well as the amateur cultivator of plants should be regarded in such works as these.

A Guide to the Proper Treatment of the Teeth. By W. K. Bridgman. —One would think, from the number of books published on dental surgery, that the principal rule for getting on as a dentist was first to write a book. However golden this rule may be for the dentist, it is a very leaden one for the reviewer. We have looked through Mr. Bridgman's little book; and find nothing objectionable worthy of note, and nothing that demands from us further notice.

On the Endemic Influence of Evil Government. By J. M. Foltz, Surgeon U.S. Navy. —This little work is devoted to an account of the climate, topography, and diseases of the island of Minorca, and the medical statistics of a voyage of circumnavigation of the globe in the United States frigate *Potomac*. In the first part, the author shows that whilst Minorca was in the hands of Britain it was one of the most flourishing of her colonies, with a prosperous and healthy population; but that now, under the influence of the bad laws and bad management of Spain, poverty, wretchedness, misery and diseases exist to an extent almost incredible. The latter part of the work is an interesting example of what may be done under the most adverse circumstances for the maintenance of health.

Advice on the Care of the Health. By J. H. Curtis, Esq. —We suppose this work is written by a medical man—although we do not find his name in the Medical Directory. The public do well to be careful who they take for their guides in the matter of health. Mr. Curtis is evidently an enthusiast in the science of "hygiology"; and some of his suggestions for securing public health are amusing enough. His remarks, however, are in the right direction:—and, although we do not agree with all his conclusions, we can recommend him as a useful labourer in the field of sanitary reform.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Arrowsmith's Map of Dr. Leichhardt's Route, &c. cl. case. Bletworth's (J.) Correct Tables of Interest, improved, 18mo. 2s. 6d. Bush's (Mrs. F.) Memoirs of the Queens of France, 2nd ed. 16s. cl. Calcott's (Lady) Little Bracken Burners, 2nd ed. 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl. Cobbin's (Rev. I.) Domestic Bible, Vol. I. 4to. 'The Pentateuch,' 12s. Cobbold's (Rev. R.) Zenon the Martyr, 2nd ed. 3 vols. post 8vo. 21s. Couch's (J.) Illustrations of Instinct, post 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl. Coope's Primitive Truth; or, is the Catholic Church also Roman? 4s. 6d. Cowper's (W.) Works, new ed. by Rev. T. Grimshawe, Vol. V. 3s. De Forquet's (F.) French Reading Book, 16th ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl. De Forquet's Nouvelles Conversations Familières, 7th ed. 3s. 6d. cl. De Forquet's Parisian Phraseology, 16th ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl. Dictionary of Flowers of the most Ornamental Plants, 8vo. 2s. 6d. Edwards's (W. H.) Voyage up the River Amazon, &c. 6s. cl. (Murray.) Edwards (Rev. J.) On English Composition, 5th ed. 12mo. 2s. cl. Edmonds's (Mrs.) Notes on English Grammar, 2nd ed. 18mo. 1s. 5wd. Encyclopædia of Mental Philosophy, Vol. I. 4to. 21s. cl. Fielding's (T. H.) Knowledge and Restoration of Old Paintings, 4s. cl. Fortune's (R.) Wanderings in Northern China, 2nd ed. 8vo. 15s. cl. Galligault's New Paris Guide, new ed. maps and plates, 16mo. 6s. 6d. Golovine's Russia and Autocrat Nicholas I. 2 vols. 8vo. 16s. cl. Hendrick's (Rose E.) The Young Autocrat, 3 vols. post 8vo. 21s. 6d. Hogg's Weekly Instructor, Vol. V. royal 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl. Horn's (J. M.) Paradise of the Christian Soul, 6s. cl. Housfield's Hymns for Young Minds, square, 1s. 5wd. James's (J. A.) Earnest Ministry the Want of the Times, 2nd ed. 4s. Jardine's Nat. Library, Vol. XXVII. People's Ed. 'Monkeys,' 4s. 6d. Jay's (Rev. W.) Works, Vol. VI. 'The Christian Contemplated,' 7s. 6d. Jones on the Trinity, new ed. 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl. Leichhardt's (Dr.) Expedition in Australia, 8vo. 16s. cl. Lenny's Questions on Tytler's Elements of General History, 3s. 6d. Maxwell's Victories of the British Armies, portraits, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. McHenry's (J. A.) Spanish Grammar, new ed. 12mo. 8s. 6d. Medwin's (Capt. T.) Life of Percy B. Shelley, 3 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl. Mortimer's (Rev. G.) Life and Writings, by Rev. J. Armstrong, &c. National Cyclopædia, Vol. II. 8vo. 5s. cl. Notices of the Viceroyalty of the late Earl of Beesborough, 8vo. 5s. cl. Parley's Tales about Animals, 16th ed. illust. 7s. 6d. cl. Parbury Library, Vol. VII. 'Great Britain's Highways and Byways,' 1s. Percy's (Hon. J. W.) Romanism at Rome, 12mo. 4s. cl.

Portraiture of a Christian Lady, &c. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl. Practice of the House of Commons on Controverted Elections, 3s. 6d. Reeve's (S.) Voice from the North, Early Musings, &c. post 8vo. 5s. Saul's (J.) Tutor and Scholar's Assistant, by S. Maynard, 14th ed. 2s. Serie's Players; or, the Stage of Life, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds. Speed's Tables for ascertaining Weight of Cattle, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl. Stilling's (Heinrich) Life, abridged by J. Wright, 31mo. 3s. cl. Strickland's (A.) Tales of Illustrious British Children, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl. Thiers's History of the Consulate and Empire, Part IX. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Todd's Johnson's Dictionary, by Thos. Rees, new ed. 18mo. 2s. 6d. bds. Trench's (B. C.) Notes on the Miracles of our Lord, 2nd ed. 8vo. 12s. Williams's (D.) Parent's Catechism of General Knowledge, 18mo. 2s. Wilson's (J.) Capital, Currency and Banking, 8vo. 16s. cl.

FOLK-LORE.

Folk-Lore of the Principality.—*Soul Cakes.*

A correspondent from Wales informs us that amongst the instances recited in the *Athenæum* under the above head, several have their counterparts in the Principality; and amongst others the custom observed in Shropshire of collecting cakes on All Souls' Eve. A similar custom existed in North Wales a few years ago; and without doubt still continues—the young people running about the country, calling themselves "the Messengers of the Dead." When they come to a house, they stop, and continue repeating the following rhyme—

Decca, decca, dowlch i'r drws
A rhowch i gennad y meirw.

That is—

Fairest, fairest, come to the door,
And give to the messenger of the dead.

If they do not receive anything, they go away repeating a similar rhyme in abuse of Decca and the mistress of the house.

Superstitions respecting Bees.

The same correspondent says that he has never known the ceremony of *speaking to the bees* practised in any part of the Principality where he has resided: but something similar is seen in Lower Brittany—as in that country whenever a marriage takes place in a family, or any other joyous event, the bee-hives are decorated with red cloth or cloth of some other gaudy colour; and whenever a death occurs, the bees are put in mourning by the bee-hives being dressed in black. It is believed that if the bees are not allowed to participate in the feelings of the family on such occasions, they will take offence and desert the place.

However, in Wales, there are many superstitions connected with bees. For instance, it is firmly believed that if a swarm of bees settle and bind on the ground, it is a token of a death in the family:—and that a short time previous to the death of the owner of the bees, the bees themselves will die, without any apparent cause.

The Story of the Great Giant of Henllys.

With reference to the laying of spirits, the same correspondent assures us that Wales would be at no loss in furnishing its quota of stories,—some of which are told with great minuteness of detail. Amongst others is the following, which is still current on the banks of the Wye; and which, when related by the fire-light during a winter's night in some solitary dwelling amongst the mountains, and the narration lengthened out by explanations and digressions, produces an effect upon the listeners not to be soon effaced. "At least," says our correspondent, "a lapse of fifty years has left me in full possession of the leading features of the tale; and as it has never appeared in print, and exhibits in a very circumstantial manner the method of exorcism amongst the Welsh, perhaps it may not be unacceptable."

About a century ago, there lived near the banks of the Wye a very wicked man, rich and extremely oppressive; who from his tyrannical conduct and the name of his residence was called "Y cawr mawr o'r Henllys"—the great giant of Henllys. After practising much oppression and tyranny in his neighbourhood, at length he died; and the country rejoiced exceedingly at the deliverance. But their joy was of short duration. Soon after his death, the country began to be troubled with strange disturbances. Fearful sounds were heard at night, and unaccountable appearances seen about the lonely parts of the roads and lanes—beginning with nightfall and increasing with the lateness of the hour; so that none but very courageous persons would venture out of doors. For some time, the cause of these mysterious molestations greatly perplexed the country: but ere long, it was discovered that they were occasioned by the *Cawr mawr o'r Henllys*,—who, in his ghostly state

and with his pristine malignity, had come once more to trouble the neighbourhood. And then all peace of mind was gone. The women would not go to market, for fear of night overtaking them on their way home; and even the very horses started and trembled, and could scarcely be made to stir. Such was the state of things, that all the country cried out for having this wicked spirit laid: and in accordance with this desire, three clergymen—some say seven—undertook the work of exorcism. Having assembled in the parish church, in the dead of night, at the hour in which the spirit used to be most daring, and having drawn a circle round them on the floor in the vacant space before the altar, and each holding a lighted candle in his hand, they commenced their exorcisms. After reading for some time, symptoms of the spirit's approach were perceived. He dashed forward from the other end of the church, in the form of a terrific monster; and with horrible roarings and bellowings, rushed towards them up the aisle, and sprang at them with his jaws extended. But the moment he reached the circle within which they stood, he fell back as from a stone wall, and instantly disappeared. So unexpected and appalling was the attack, that the candle of one of the exorcists went out,—his faith not being sufficiently strong for such a trial.

However, they continued their adjurations: and the spirit again came forward in the same furious manner, in the form of a raging lion,—and again met with the same repulse at the edge of the circle. Then again, as a monstrous bull,—with the same result. He continued these assaults for a considerable time under different forms,—all of which are particularly described when the narration is complete. At one time, he came up as a wave of the sea, foaming and threatening to overwhelm them, but dashing itself into spray and vanishing at the edge of the circle. At another time, it seemed as if the end of the church were falling to ruins on their heads with fearful crashing. During the course of these proceedings, so terrific was the scene that another candle went out,—and even the remaining one burnt dim. But their faith returned,—and their candles burnt brighter. So, they continued their exorcisms till at length the spirit appeared in his human form, as when living. They then spoke to him and asked him why he troubled the country: and he answered, "I was bad when a man, I am worse now I am a devil,"—and vanished in fire.

From this time forth, as they proceeded with their adjurations, the forms which he assumed became less and less terrific, and his manner less fierce,—till at last he came in the form of a fly. When, they opened a tobacco-box, and compelling him, to enter it, they shut him in, and took him to *Llynwynn* pool—some say *Llynhylyn*—and threw him in; there to remain for ninety-nine years—some say longer. At the expiration of that term he is to appear again, and be ten times worse than at first. So generally current is this story in the country, that some time ago, when persons were dragging one of these pools for eels, they were significantly cautioned not to disturb the tobacco-box and so release the old *cawr* before his time!

The Haunted Chamber.

The following was related in the Welsh language by an old man, who believed implicitly in its truth:—and is here given without any alterations whatever, excepting such as are requisite in order to put an oral narration into a readable form.

About the middle of the last century, there lived in one of the mountainous districts of Monmouthshire, called Blaenau Gwent, a pious and exemplary dissenting minister of the name of Edmund Jones; who published a work upon ghosts and apparitions,—in the existence of which he firmly believed. His wife—also a very worthy and pious person—shared with him in his belief in ghosts; but was possessed of greater courage, and did not evince the same dread of encountering them. About this time, there was in that neighbourhood an old mansion-house, a certain part of which had long been unoccupied, being haunted,—especially one particular room, in which no one who knew the place could ever be induced to sleep; and such strangers as had, in a case of emergency, been put into it, could not remain there on account of the supernatural disturbances to which they were subject. At length, Mrs. Edmund Jones,

having repeatedly heard of this, paid a visit to the house and requested to be allowed to pass the night in this apartment. The family at first remonstrated with her,—and pointed out to her the unpleasant consequences of such a course: but as she persisted in her request, they ultimately determined to indulge her,—and having made the necessary preparations for her accommodation, they showed her into the haunted room, and left her there with her candle lighted,—retiring to rest. The old lady being thus left alone, locked her door; and, according to her usual custom, drew her chair to the table, and opening her Bible, began to read. Having continued in this manner for a considerable time, in perfect silence and undisturbed, at the close of the passage which she was occupied in reading she chanced to raise her head from the book, and to look up; when she beheld standing before her, on the opposite side of the table, a form of terrific aspect, with his eyes fixed fiercely on her. She fixed her eyes on him in return, and gazed upon him in the most composed and unconcerned manner. After they had remained for some time looking at each other, the demon spoke, and said, "Thy faith is in the candle." "Thou lyest," said she; and taking the candle out of the candlestick, she turned it down and extinguished it in the socket. Then, in the triumph of her faith, she folded her arms,—and continued in her seat, setting at defiance the powers of darkness. Nor was she any more disturbed. From that time forth, the house never suffered from ghostly molestations. ...

SWARM OF LADYBIRDS (COCCINELLE).

As several accounts of a swarm of ladybirds have appeared in the daily papers and have excited some interest, I send you a few notes made on this somewhat extraordinary phenomenon during a stay of a few days on the Isle of Thanet. On Friday, August 8th, I was at Broadstairs. The wind was in the north-east; and a good deal of rain fell, after a drought in that district of six months' duration. On the Saturday it became fine, with a strong wind from the south-west. Early in the morning, a few ladybirds made their appearance. Their number kept increasing during the whole of Saturday, Sunday and Monday,—when the esplanade and cliffs on the west side of the town were literally covered with them. They were evidently borne upon the wind; and were most numerous at the edges of the cliffs—as if they caught there as a last refuge before being carried out to sea again. The stalks of the dried plants were literally covered with these insects; and the stem of the *Dipsacus Centaurus* and other plants looked as if they were borne down by a crop of red berries. The white dresses of the ladies attracted them especially,—and gave no little annoyance to those who were afraid of them. They are, however, perfectly harmless; and, excepting for their disagreeable smell, need not be avoided. These creatures are carnivorous—and, of course, could not find food in such immense quantities; and many of them I found were reduced to the sad extremity of feeding on their departed friends—whose dead bodies were strewn about the paths in all directions. They were preyed upon in great numbers by a black beetle. They were not all of one species. The common one, with a yellow body and seven black spots, was most abundant; next to that came the species with two black spots; the species with nine spots was scarcer still;—and I took only a few specimens of one with a black body and orange spots. The intensity of their colouring varied from a light yellow to a deep orange.

The ladybirds continued at Broadstairs till Thursday, August 12; when a strong wind from the south setting in cleared the whole district. They, however, found a resting-place at Margate;—where I saw them in the same profusion in which they had appeared at Broadstairs. In a line from the Fort to the railway terminus they covered everything, and the air was filled with them. Up to this time, none, or not an unusual number of these creatures, had been seen at Ramsgate; but on Saturday, the wind having got into the east on the previous evening, they began to appear there; and on that evening they appeared to me to be as numerous at Ramsgate as at Broadstairs and Margate. On the 17th and 18th of August I observed a smaller swarm of these insects at Broadstairs,—the wind blowing in a north-westerly direction.

From several accounts in the *Daily News* of the

16th and 17th of August, it appears that on Friday, August 13, the same insects were observed at Southend; on the same day in great numbers in London; and on the following Saturday and Sunday at Brighton.

Large flights of these creatures are not uncommon. Various swarms of them have been recorded as occurring at Brighton; where they have been supposed to have been carried from the neighbouring hop-grounds,—as the larva of the ladybird feeds on the aphides which are so destructive of the hop-plant. On the present occasion, however, it appears that these insects must have been brought by the south-west wind from the continent. That the direction of the wind determined their appearance is evident from the fact that they disappeared at Broadstairs on the day they were seen at Margate, and were not found at Margate after their appearance at Ramsgate. The cause of the swarming of these insects is probably a scarcity of their natural food during the prevalence of a strong wind—which, sweeping over a large tract of the earth's surface, carries along with it all who are disposed to go. That this is the case seems confirmed by the fact that at first these insects only appeared by degrees;—a few arriving and the number gradually increasing on a particular spot. One of the correspondents of the *Daily News* states that they came over in the form of a cloud in the direction of Calais and Ostend;—but although I was on the spot at the time I neither saw nor heard anything of this cloud. I may add, as a fact for your Folk Lore, that in the Isle of Thanet some of the common people regarded this visitation as foreboding the death of a great personage. Such a flight occurred just before the death of George the Third.

E. L.

LUNAR INFLUENCE.

Dover, 18th August.

FROM the remotest antiquity we find that popular opinion has attributed to the moon the power of influencing our atmosphere. Such an opinion, one would think, could not have sprung up without some grounds on which it is founded. In our own age we know that all mariners, shepherds and stage-coachmen (people particularly interested in watching atmospheric changes) have the fullest faith in the moon's influence.

Mr. Lowe, however, says,—“I have regarded this point for the last four years, and find that there is no ground whatever on which such belief can rest; to which you add: “and so says every one who has examined the subject.” [See *ante*, p. 808.] It is with diffidence that I offer an opinion contrary to that of the *Athenæum* and Mr. Lowe; especially as that opinion is founded on no closely followed-up scientific observations. For the latter I have not the means, and my vagabond life (here to-day, there to-morrow) would have interrupted the former: but I have been in the habit, for more than twenty years, of registering the weather;—loosely, to be sure, yet in a way quite sufficient as a reference to show the changes and when they occurred. I have even partial records of periods occupied in journeys or voyages as far back as forty years and in various climates. Now, it never occurred to me (until of late I have seen the idea scouted) to doubt the lunar influence; and I have habitually looked to the opposition and conjunction for a change of weather. My reasoning on the subject was always, that if the tidal theory were true, an influence that could operate so powerfully on the denser could not but be felt by the more subtle fluid.

Now, in the *Athenæum* of June last, p. 675, I found not only the idea but almost my very words in the President's speech at the opening meeting of the British Association at Oxford: viz.—that the influence of the sun and moon on the tides being once established, “it became eminently probable that an influence exerted so strongly upon a fluid so heavy as water could not but have the lighter and all but imponderable fluid of air under its grasp;” and he further mentioned that the observations made at the St. Helena meteorological and magnetical observatory have placed beyond a doubt the existence of a lunar atmospheric tide. In the proceedings of the British Association, *Athenæum*, September, p. 964, a Mr. Broun, ‘On Magnetic Declination,’ stated, that there is a maximum of western declination when the sun and moon are in opposition, and a minimum when

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they are in conjunction: also a maximum when the moon has its greatest north and when it has its greatest south declination, minimum occurring when it crosses the equator. The dip likewise exhibits a minimum when the sun and moon are in conjunction, and a maximum when in opposition. I recollect in one of your former numbers (but cannot refer) M. Arago on some occasion is stated to have declared that after a careful investigation he did not think there was any ground for believing in the moon's influence on our atmosphere;—yet such was not always his opinion. He had found (then) from numerous experiments, (Vol. XI. *Foreign Quarterly*, 1833) that this influence acted in producing rain as follows:—viz., the maximum of rainy days is between the first quarter and full moon, the minimum between the last quarter and new moon. The number in the latter interval is as 5:6—ergo, it rains more frequently during the increase than during the wane of the moon. Also, that the chances of rain are greater when the moon is in perigee, or nearest to the earth. Further, that the influence of the moon on our atmosphere has been found (however slightly) by barometrical observations. Changes of the weather at different phases of the moon are found to be as follows, viz., new moon 6:1, full 5:1, first quarter 2:1, second quarter 2:1, perigee 5:1, apogee 4:1. The extract continues: "Pilgram's observations at Vienna, extending over a period of fifty-two years, give, however, the following results:—viz., new moon 58, perigee 72, new moon in apogee 64, full moon 63, apogee 64, full moon in perigee 81, perigee 63, new moon in perigee 80, new moon in apogee 68, in 100 lunations." My own rough observations have induced me, as before mentioned, to put implicit faith in the lunar influence; and I believe that those who entertain a contrary opinion have been led into it from finding the same weather continue after a change of the moon has taken place—passing unheeded a brief disturbance that may have occurred a day or two before, and which was in reality a struggle between the lunar influence and another (maybe magnetic) which decides more generally the nature of the seasons. As the sun decides generally summer and winter, the influence of which I speak decides whether the former shall be very dry, very wet, moderate, hot, or chilly—the latter mild or severe—dry and frosty or stormy and wet; and this influence I have always observed to be more energetic when there is a total or annular eclipse. I could produce evidence to this effect—at least very curious, if not conclusive; but must leave that to those who think the inquiry worth while. I think they will find sufficient to show that whenever an eclipse of the above description occurs the season is always in excess one way or the other. There are two this year.

A. C. M.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Nuremberg, Aug. We English must be a herding nation. Through Belgium—up the Rhine—crowds everywhere. At Bonn, where I spent Sunday, hoping for quiet, I really imagined that the bells were in communication with an electric telegraph, so constantly were they in motion. At Frankfurt, no rooms to be had at the principal hotels; and our excellent money friend, M. Gogel, assured me that since the opening of the railways he had little peace or repose. But leave these arteries of communication, and how great is the change! One day's travelling to Würzburg, and I stood alone, as far as my countrymen were concerned, in that fine old town:—and now, in this, the most interesting of all German towns, I have met with only one Englishman. But it may be said that a place so well known as Nuremberg can yield but little gleaming for even a gossiping letter. However, I find there is good work going on here, which is worth recording. First, the restoration of the Church of St. Lawrence is nearly completed. The painted glass windows are undergoing the last touches: but though the finest and most cunning artists have been employed, the celebrated Volkamer window remains, as it ever was, unrivalled. The depth and brightness of the colours in this window are almost without parallel.

The houses—which constitute, after all, the real glory of Nuremberg—are in admirable condition; great pains being taken to preserve the stone carvings from the wearing hand of Time. I was greatly surprised

at the number of antique relics in the possession of the landlord of the *Roths Ross*, which are for sale:—quaint morsels, any one of which would make a meeting of the Antiquaries pass off with a little more interest than is their wont. The landlord, who is an Italian, tells me that he purchases the antiquities from the more humble class of citizens,—who are willing to exchange quaint locks, goblets, and vases for florins.

I have seen one lion here, which deserves mention;—and the more so because our friend Mr. Murray declares that the beast is not visible. I allude to the very extraordinary secret and subterranean passages which extend from the Rathhaus, in various directions, under the streets and houses to the town ditch. These, the 'Hand-book' says, "are blocked up,—or at least are not shown." Neither the one nor the other is the case. An order from the commandant is necessary. This a *valet de place* procured; and with it we not only saw the dungeons and torture chambers, which are deeply and at the same time painfully interesting,—but also traversed more than half the town through a narrow and low subterranean passage. In fact, we entered the dungeons at the Rathhaus, which stands in the middle of the town; and, after walking about half a mile, emerged beyond the walls near the fortress. The passage presents no difficulties beyond its lowness and the muddy state of the ground. Candles are, of course, necessary. There can be no doubt, as the 'Hand-book' observes, that these passages were studiously kept secret from the inhabitants of the city,—and were constructed to afford the magistrates the means of security and escape in case of a sudden rising of the populace who were too often tyrannized over by them.

As a bit of Fine Art gossip, you may care to hear that the King of Bavaria is at Aschaffenburg; superintending the building of his Pompeian villa,—his latest and most humoured whim.

C. R. W.

Neander's Birthday.

March.

ONE of the sights which struck me most during my residence in Berlin in the winter of 1842, was the *Fackelzug* (torch procession) of the students of the university in honour of the birthday of their great teacher Neander. The crowds in the streets and at the windows looked on with visible respect and interest at this demonstration of that singular *puissance*—the studying youth. The torchlight gleamed fitfully on the arms of the mounted guards posted along the line of the procession,—and from being the actors and heroes of every public display in military Prussia, reduced to play a passive and secondary part. Deep feeling and earnest purpose were seen through the somewhat fantastic and masquerading appearance of the young men. The whole spectacle was wild and serious, solemn and showy,—and left an impression on my mind which will never be effaced. I have seen many a *Fackelzug* before and since,—some affecting, some joyous, but none that ever appeared to me so deeply, so variously significant. I had also frequently seen the singular man to whom this enthusiastic homage was addressed; and could therefore judge by what class of qualities it must have been attracted. Plain in person, simple, shy and awkward in manner, the eminent philosopher and divine does not possess any of the external gifts which enable a man to captivate or to impose. His absence of mind is proverbial, and he is the very opposite of a man of the world. I cannot think of him without calling to mind another remarkable scene which I witnessed at Carlsbad. The saint-like Pyrrker, Patriarch Archbishop of Erland, had asked Schelling to introduce him to Neander. I was walking with the good archbishop on the Wiese, when we saw Neander approaching with his inseparable companion, his excellent sister. Schelling was not at hand. The prelate and magnate paused a moment, and said—"I think I may introduce myself?" And going up to the Protestant Professor, he introduced himself, apologizing with that grace and courtesy which are expressions of the character of the man. As I stood by, the admiring witness of their meeting, I could not help wishing that some of the bigots who dishonour the cause of Protestantism in England could have seen these two noble and worthy representatives of the two confessions, drawn together by the great bond of charity and by a willing recognition of each other's virtues.

All these interesting recollections have been brought back in the greatest freshness by turning up an account of the celebration of Neander's birthday on the 16th January of this year. "It was evident," says the writer, "how pre-eminent is the station which this venerable man occupies as a teacher, and which those only can fully estimate who understand that independence of all parties which he derives from his profound originality."

A number of his most intimate friends dined with him as usual:—among them we find the names of Schelling, Strauss (Bishop), Ehrenberg, and Eiler, one of Neander's earliest hearers in Heidelberg.

The *Fackelzug* was accompanied by singing and instrumental music, amidst an immense crowd which filled the Markgrafenstrasse and the neighbouring streets. A goblet was presented to the teacher by a deputation of the students; a member of which addressed him as "the apostle of freedom, love, and faith." The learned teacher, then, came to the window, and with visible emotion addressed the youthful crowd below. He said that he rejoiced in these marks of their affection, and rejoiced that they were offered in a form which belonged to the long-established feeling and practice of our universities—and hence the noblest elements of German life. He loved to see the youth of Germany completely youthful and completely German; for everything ought to be complete by itself in its own season,—and youth was completely German only when it was externally fresh and vigorous, and humble in the depths of its soul. On this day the retrospect of many years filled him with heartfelt thankfulness for the long period during which it had been granted to him to work; but it filled him also with sorrow and humility when he thought how far he had fallen short of his aim. He had to reproach himself that the chilling and distracting influences of the age had sometimes affected him,—and that his "first love" had not always kindled his enthusiasm; that he had so often found but a defective and inadequate utterance of what had stood far otherwise present to his heart.

After these self-reproaches, which flowed as from the pure heart of childhood, he spoke of the feelings with which he contemplated the youth before him;—whose love and confidence he regarded as the finest possession of his life. He then adverted to the loss of his most beloved disciple, Hermann Rosel, of Aachen,—who died last year: and closed a long address, flowing from the abundance of his heart, with the hope that among the assembled group below more than one might be found to continue the work which that teacher had left unfinished.

I may take this occasion to mention some works by disciples or friends of Neander which the foregoing year has produced. At Neander's desire, one of his pupils, Karl Heintz, has made a free and admirably arranged translation of the important memoirs of the great Englishman, Thomas Arnold. The work is dedicated to another pupil of Neander's, the licentiate Jacobi, who recently published an historical work called 'The Doctrines of the Church as to Tradition and the Holy Scriptures in their Development. In the Preface to this book one of the greatest problems of modern theology, which lies at the root of most of the ecclesiastical struggles of the day—the question, namely, of the degree and limits of the authority of Scripture—is discussed with great knowledge and with noble sincerity—the vital spirit of all religious discussions.

We may expect this year one of the noblest monuments of the pervading influence which Neander has exercised on the rising generation,—the correspondence and posthumous works of that Hermann Rosel of whom his teacher made such honourable mention. "It was my dearest hope," says Neander, in the preface to the third part of the second edition of his *Ecclesiastical History*, "to live to witness how he whom I had seen grow up from an intelligent and noble-minded youth to manhood would appear as teacher and author,—how the great germs which I had perceived in him would unfold in new intellectual creations. Gifts, else rarely combined, were in him united:—a poetical and speculative spirit, depth of mind and of feeling with great clearness and acuteness; the elevation of youthful enthusiasm with manly thoughtfulness and firmness."—In an age when everything tends to give to the young the premature caution and worldliness of old age,—when all enthusiasm and self-devotion are stifled by dull

disputation and quibbling criticism,—the contemplation of the picture of one who was a perfect youth, and promised to become a perfect man, may be expected to produce a salutary effect.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

At length, there is a reasonable prospect that the Stratford relic, for which we have battled ever since it came into the market, will be secured to the nation—if that prospect be not defeated by the unreasonable expectations of those who have it to sell. One great inducement to the national appropriation of this monument is the desire to rescue a property so sanctified by its associations from the vulgarity of showmanship and the commonplaces of commercial speculation:—and they who move in that interest will not, therefore, suffer themselves, on behalf of the public, to be made the prey of extravagant cupidity on the part of the present speculators. That they who are fortunate enough to have a property like this for sale may reckon its value by another estimate than applies to an ordinary hereditament is true—and the public are willing to pay for more than the timber and plaster and the cloths on which they stand. But there must be a decent limit to the pretensions built on the public worship; or its enthusiasm may take the form of disgust at the traffickers in this Temple of the Muses—and die of a too strong dose.—The public meeting advertised for Thursday last took place on that day at the Thatched House Tavern in St. James's Street:—and, notwithstanding the absence from London at this season of so many influential persons, was numerously and most respectfully attended. In the absence of Lord Morpeth, the President, and the Earl of Ellesmere, the Vice-President—from both of whom letters were read expressive of regret at their inability to attend—Mr. J. P. Collier was called to the chair: and a series of Resolutions were passed establishing a Metropolitan Committee and for an instant appeal to the public. Three weeks are all that remain to do the work in; and it is only by the active co-operation of the provincial press that an organization can be suddenly created sufficiently extended to make the entire people of England parties to the purchase of Shakspeare's house for the people's own. A fund so large as may even yet be raised by their means would provide for the carrying out of objects of great interest in connexion with the property when it shall have become the nation's—but which can properly be discussed only when the purchase shall have been effected. We repeat here with great earnestness the terms of the 4th Resolution:—"That the proprietors and editors of provincial newspapers be respectfully invited to lend their able and powerful assistance to this undertaking; not only by strongly recommending it to their readers, but by allowing subscriptions to be paid in at their different offices":—and if this appeal be responded to in the spirit which we expect, we doubt not the larger purposes may be carried out.—To the other indications of the diffused spirit of co-operation which we have already quoted we may add, that at a meeting of the Freemasons of the Church, held on the 10th instant, a committee was appointed to co-operate with the other societies engaged for this object: and at Birmingham a meeting summoned by the Mayor for the purpose of promoting subscriptions—which was attended by most of the influential persons in the town and neighbourhood—terminated in the formation of a committee with a view to the calling of a more public meeting.

On Tuesday last the Trustees of the British Museum obtained possession of all the houses required in Great Russell Street for the erection of the east wing of the Museum:—clearing the ground entirely to Montague Street, Russell Square.

Our readers are aware that the somewhat tardy notion of erecting a monument to the memory of John Hunter, the founder of the museum which bears his name, originated at length, not longer ago than the last birthday of the celebrated physiologist in question, in the offer of the Dean of Westminster to find a site for such a testimonial within the Abbey of which he has charge. As in many other cases of unexpected suggestion, the profession seemed suddenly to wonder how a monument as much to itself as to the distinguished dead could have been so long

delayed; and it was determined that the memorial now to be reared should be worthy of the fame which it is destined to record. A meeting of the committee entrusted with the execution of these intentions has within the last few days been held at the Royal College of Surgeons: when Dr. Buckland and a large number of the surgeons attending the metropolitan hospitals were present, to determine the question of site. As it appeared that a space adequate for the display of a statue or other larger monument could not be had in the Abbey, it was suggested that the Hunterian Museum, or Hall of the College, would afford a better situation:—but this was left to be decided by a public meeting, to be held early in the ensuing session.

The first annual meeting of the Cambrian Archaeological Association will, we are informed, be held at Aberystwith, from the 7th to the 10th of September. Of this Association, formed for the purpose of examining, preserving, and illustrating all ancient monuments and remains of the history, manners, customs, and arts of Wales and its Marches, Sir Stephen Richard Glynn, the Lord Lieutenant of Flintshire, is the president; and the patrons are announced to be the Bishops of Bangor, Llandaff, St. David's, and St. Asaph. The name of Sir Samuel Meyrick is among those of the vice-presidents. To prevent labour being thrown away on subjects already in hand, the Committee have announced that papers are in preparation on the following subjects:—the Local Antiquities of Aberystwith; the Roman Remains in Merionethshire and Montgomeryshire; the History and Architecture of Strata Florida Abbey; and the State of the Druidic Religion in Britain during the residence of the Romans.

A prospectus is in circulation of a society proposed to be founded under the title of "The Caxton Mutual Improvement Association," whose objects are to offer to the numbers employed in the printing profession in the metropolis the means of literary instruction. It includes lectures on the sciences and arts—and the discussion of questions literary, historical and political.

A correspondent inquires from us "If any of our medical authorities have observed whether or not there is reason to believe that it is important to our well doing, during our sleep at night, that our bodies should lie parallel to, or at right angles with, the line of the terrestrial magnetic current?" In answer, we know only of Reichenbach—who has mentioned the subject in his 'Researches on Magnetism.' His paper has been translated by Prof. Gregory, of Edinburgh.

The *Manchester Guardian* mentions in the language of congratulation that Lord John Russell has granted the sum of 200*l.* from the Royal Bounty Fund, to Mr. William Sturgeon, of that town. Mr. Sturgeon was formerly lecturer on experimental philosophy at the Hon. East India Company's Military Academy, Addiscombe. Since his residence in Manchester, now extending over a number of years, he has been superintendent of the Victoria Gallery and has delivered various courses of lectures there; and subsequently, he filled the office of lecturer to the Manchester Institute of Natural and Experimental Science. For a long series of years, Mr. Sturgeon has honourably distinguished himself by his investigations and discoveries in the various branches of electrical science, especially in electro-magnetism and thermo-electricity:—and on the continent his name ranks high amongst the small band of investigators and discoverers in these branches of science.—Another authority states that "Mr. Sturgeon is, without doubt, the originator of the electro-magnet, as well as the author of the magneto-electrical machine. The electro-magnet described by Mr. Sturgeon in the 'Transactions of the Society of Arts,' for 1825, is the first piece of apparatus to which the name could with propriety be applied. Arago and Ampère, and also Davy, had already, it is true, magnetized steel needles, by passing currents of electricity along spirals surrounding them; but it does not appear that they observed the phenomena with iron needles, nor that they had any knowledge of the suddenness with which the polarity of soft iron metal be reversed by a change in the direction of the current." Mr. Sturgeon is now in the decline of life—with failing health and declining fortunes: and a hope is expressed that this seasonable relief may be

the precursor of a permanent pension for his remaining years.

We mentioned to our readers last week a design which is entertained for converting the Fleet Prison to the purposes of an establishment of Baths and Washhouses:—but among the arguments given in favour of the conversion we missed one which has been supplied by our ingenious friend *Punch*. "There could not," says that luminary, "be a building in London better adapted for this purpose—the prison having been so many years a sponging-house on the very largest scale."

The *Caucase*, a St. Petersburg journal, publishes a letter from a guide to tourists named Obvion, which adds the name of another Englishman to the list of those who claim to have reached the summit of Mount Ararat. "An Englishman," he says, "named Seymour, last autumn engaged me to accompany him to the Convent of Etchmiadzin, at the bottom of Mount Ararat. When we arrived there, he intimated his determination to ascend the mountain. I represented to him that the season was altogether too far advanced; and that we did not possess any of the matters necessary for the ascent. He was, however, resolved to go, and we at last set off on Sept. 16th, at two in the afternoon, escorted by four Cossacks and three Armenians. We passed the night not far from Argour; and early the next morning attacked the abrupt part of the mountain. On arriving at the elevated point called Kilissatash, or church stone, from its resemblance to the cupola of an Armenian church, we discovered the long land remarked by M. Abich in 1844, and which leads like a ladder to the summit of the mountain. We followed it to a level space above; where we passed the night,—being then at a height about equal to that of the lesser Ararat. The atmosphere was calm, and the temperature not very cold. At the first light of day we set out for the summit, which was now perceptible right before us. We soon arrived at the wooden cross planted in 1844 by M. Abich's servant. A little beyond, the region of eternal snow commences; and we some hours after reached the spacious and level summit of Mount Ararat. After the first effusions of delight, we had to think of returning. It was already after 12 o'clock; a fog was beginning to rise,—and the towns and villages appeared like mere spots. As soon as Mr. Seymour had written some letters at that great height, we set about descending,—but by the same path as we had made use of in coming up. One of our Cossacks showed us the best mode of getting down rapidly, by sitting on the snow, and allowing ourselves to slide down,—being able to stop ourselves when we pleased by fixing our pointed sticks in the snow. Our labour was infinitely lessened by employing that mode of descent."—Our readers who remember our comment a year or two ago on Mr. Parrot's claim to have arrived at the Peak of the Ark, may perhaps choose to apply it to the probabilities of the present case till more detailed evidence shall be received.

We some time since announced to our readers that the Russian Autocrat had made an exception in favour of the pupils of the Academy of Sciences who might be desirous of travelling for improvement in other lands, in respect of the heavy charges by which, amid other impediments, the obtaining of passports is surrounded in that country. He has now extended the relaxation to professors and literati—who, after recognition by the Imperial Academy of the utility of their proposed wandering and their fitness to profit by it, are to have their passports free of expense.

The Paris papers state that M. de Castelnau has returned to France from his mission to the Antilles. He has sent home by the *Vigie* all the curious articles collected on the Amazon, at Surinam, at Demerara, &c. These matters were intrusted to M. Deville, who has one of his sides paralysed from the fatigue which he underwent. The whole collection—which is exceedingly extensive—is intended for the *Jardin des Plantes*. The living animals are said to be numerous. M. de Castelnau has brought with him a Malais and a young savage named Catama, belonging to the cannibal tribe of the Apinages, on the river Araguay.—M. d'Ossery, an engineer of the royal corps des mines, was assassinated by the Xeberos Indians, in the expedition, during a temporary separation from M. de Castelnau. M. Guizot has

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The Exhibition of the products of Belgian industry was opened at Brussels on the 15th of last month. "One thousand and fifty-nine persons," says the *Art-Union*, "manufacturing firms or societies, contributed samples of their productions. Many of these are but the first preparation of natural substances; others are mechanical instruments or engines; and a considerable number are only specimens of the utilities of common life. In the higher department of industrial skill, to which beauty of form and ornamental detail are capable of union, the examples are numerous. In general they display a good taste and a study of novelty, without losing sight at the same time of their applicability to the intended purpose."

Preparations are being made at Oedenburg for the meeting of the Hungarian naturalists. It is supposed that four hundred *savans* will be present.

Signore Lorenzo Bianco has just published a book entitled '*Varietà ne' Volumi Ercolanensi*,' which forms an important addition to the works of research on the antiquities of Herculaneum. He has succeeded in reawakening a deep interest in the scrolls of papyrus which are deposited and guarded in the Royal Museum of Borbonico as costly relics, inaccessible alike to foreigners and natives. Not the Neapolitan literati alone, but many erudite foreigners—especially Germans—have made the papyrus the subject of profound investigation, according to the given interpretation of the Herculaneum Academy,—and endeavoured to throw light upon very obscure parts; but scarcely any of these writers had the privilege of inspecting the manuscripts themselves. The work of Lorenzo Bianco contains an exact *fac simile* and description of the original papyri, with the elucidations of the Neapolitan Academy. Each volume contains the Greek text, with the supplementary observations of the Academicians, the various Latin and Italian translations, and the author's own translations and explanatory notes. As the labours of the Academicians are not yet terminated and Signore Lorenzo Bianco cannot, of course, anticipate them, it is uncertain how long a time may elapse ere the publication of the entire work will be completed:—but each volume forms a distinct whole, perfect in itself.

We have alluded from week to week to the signs of convulsion by which the earth has been recently disturbed in the countries bordering on the great Mediterranean basin. On the morning of the 1st inst., the wells at Portici and other localities in the same neighbourhood were found dry; and on the following evening Vesuvius fulfilled the augury—and spoke in fire. The new upper crater, after a trembling which lasted several hours, flung up a stream of lava—which, in the course of thirty-five minutes, had descended as far as Pigno del Ginistro. From several points of the ancient crater the volcano shot flame; and after sunset a fresh lava torrent, fifteen feet wide, spread in the direction of Bosco Reale. Two new craters were at the same time formed; from which issued fire stones, with a sound that spread terror through the neighbourhood. In fact, the drama was becoming too serious for amusement.—On the 7th, Alexandria and Cairo were visited by shocks of earthquake. At the former place it was more severe than had been experienced for many years—every bell having been set ringing and all the clocks stopped. At Cairo the shock was yet more severe. Several mosques were being seriously injured and some lives lost. The large mosque of Mucayet had eight of its splendid columns thrown down; and the minaret of another mosque, in falling, killed a man passing at the time. As the shock is said to have been from east to west, accounts will probably be received by the next steamer of a severe earthquake in Syria.

Letters from Alexandria state that the Baron Von Muller of Stuttgart had arrived in that capital; and set out for Cairo on his way to make a scientific tour of Dongola, Karthonn, and probably Abyssinia.

"Time," says Sir Thomas Browne, "sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth upon a sphinx, and looketh unto Memphis and old Thebes; while his sister, Oblivion, reclineth semi-nomous on a pyramid, gloriously triumphing, making puzzles of Titanean erections, and turning old glories into dreams. History lurketh beneath her cloud. The traveller, as he paceth amazedly

through these deserts, asketh of her who builded them, and she mumbleth something, but what it is he heareth not."—Such is the sort of dreamy tone in which men once thought and wrote of Egypt; and now, it has become necessary to go back to the literary fountains for a draught of that antiquity which is fast wasting, with years, in the land of the Pyramids. This is like a reversal of the ordinary process. While other nations grow old, with years,—Egypt, after the very process of decomposition had set in, is growing young. The "mummies" which inspired Sir Thomas Browne are threatened with desecration for the sake of their wrappings; and where Mr. Pettigrew is to find one for the next meeting of the Archaeological Association, if this commercial invasion of the tombs and catacombs be executed, we cannot foresee—if his own stock be exhausted. How is the sense of sleep and mystery which breathed from this ancient burial-place of time to survive in the presence of the notices of busy commonplace which each day brings us from the East? Think of Cairo the labyrinthine, with its streets labelled and its houses numbered! A decree to that effect has, however, gone forth from the Pacha. Think of France Street, and Bonaparte Street, and Victoria Street, and London Street, lying almost in the shadow of the Pyramid! The centuries which look down from it, according to the graphic figure of the modern Alexander, see little that they can be acquainted with!—The Viceroy has given orders that in the most important square of the twelve principal quarters into which the city is divided shall be placed a small pyramidal monument, in black marble; on which, during the rise of the river, the police are directed to inscribe, day by day, the level of the waters of the Nile.

ST. MARK'S, VENICE.
DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—NOW OPEN, with a new and highly interesting Exhibition, representing the INTERIOR OF ST. MARK'S, at VENICE, justly considered one of the most magnificent temples in the Christian world; and a VIEW OF TIVOLI, near ROME, with the Cascades, &c. The picture of St. Mark's is painted by M. Dioase (pupil of M. Daguerre), from drawings made on the spot expressly for the Diorama by the late M. Renoux. The View of Tivoli is painted by M. Bouton. Both pictures exhibit various novel and striking effects of light and shade. Open from Ten till Six.—Admission, 1s.; 2s. Stalls, 2s.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—COLLINS'S ODE on the PASSIONS will be recited by Mr. J. RUSSELL, with Illustrations in a Series of Drawings magnified by means of the Opaque Microscope, accompanied by Music by Dr. Wallis, on the Mornings of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and on the Evenings of Tuesday and Thursday. Dr. Bachofner's Lectures on Natural Philosophy will comprise the subject of the Electric Telegraph, &c. Chemical Lectures by Robert Hunter Simple, Esq., on the Evenings of Monday, Wednesday and Friday. The beautiful Optical Effects include the last Dissolving Views, Diving Bell and Diver, with Experiments, &c. &c.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

SOCIETIES

DECORATIVE ART.—June 16-30.—Mr. Fildes, V.P., in the chair.—A paper 'On Heraldry,' by Mr. Partridge, was read. Heraldry was explained to be an organization of emblems and devices, which, undoubtedly, must have existed from the earliest establishment of order and civilization among the human race; and various passages containing records of, and allusions to, its symbols were quoted from Biblical History, showing that it was the medium adopted for distinguishing friends from foes, nation from nation, and tribes and families from each other. Mr. Partridge also referred to and quoted passages in Homer, Hesiod, and others, describing the shields of their heroes; adding, that the shields of Achilles, Æneas, and Hercules had, in his opinion, been described with poetical licence, but, nevertheless, supplied evidence of the custom of ornamenting shields in the richest manner of the arts of that period. He likewise considered as fabulous the descriptions given by the Jewish rabbi of the standards pitched by the Ten Tribes of Israel. Some references to the subject during the Roman era were followed by observations upon the great change made in the institutions of this country by William the Norman; who modelled his court, as far as practicable, after that of Normandy, and who, therefore, introduced the very remarkable officers whose duties were strictly heraldic.—The Great Constable, whose authority in matters of war and chivalry, both in France and England, during the Norman and Plantagenet reigns, was little less than that of the monarch. The Great Marshal was an important dignitary, whose influence was at its zenith at the time of the Conquest; and the office still remains, through all the changes of legislation and government, one of great power and influence, The

third office, being, perhaps, the most singular of any adopted by the Conqueror, was that of Champion. Mr. Partridge traced the hereditary descent of the championship from Marmon, who received his appointment, with the manor of Scrivelsby, from William; and quoted verses from an ancient poem in which the changes in the families of Marmon, Ludlow to Dymoke the present champion, are set forth. He then referred to Camden, Guilleim, Sir Henry Spelman, and other eminent authorities; showing that although many of our noble families can prove their descent from before the time of the Crusades yet their arms or heraldic bearings had not become hereditary. After the Crusades it was accounted honourable to display those ensigns which had been borne in the Holy Wars; and hence the descendants treasured them as their hereditary arms, and the opinion of Lord Chief Justice Coke was quoted showing that he considered this one of the strongest proofs of a noble and worthy origin. Mr. Partridge then recited the Roll of Carlarock—a record in old Norman-French of the names and arms of the leaders who served under King Edward I. at the siege of Carlarock Castle, Scotland, in 1300; and explained that at that time heraldry was imbodied as a science as nearly as possible to its form at the present day. Tournaments were alluded to as an important means in sustaining the dignified bearing and accurate transmission of armorial bearings down to the time of Elizabeth,—when the establishment of the College of Heraldry and the visitations made under its direction created a broad distinctive line between the ancient families and those who have risen to greatness by the increase of civilization and wealth since that period. Mr. Partridge next drew attention to those arms and mottos which from their relation to names have been ordinarily considered and termed "punning arms,"—but which he said had been practised in remote antiquity, when names had a symbolical source and meaning. He mentioned several names derived from important official duties, such as Usher, Butler, Stewart, &c., in which cases the previous family-name had been disused,—as also that of Godolphin, in accordance with the signification of which a white eagle is adopted as the crest by that family: and this was followed by notices of others of a similar nature. The reader then proceeded to show that the great poets of modern Europe have fully appreciated the value of heraldic distinctions; and said that in the descriptions of their heroes they are usually as heraldically correct as they are poetically beautiful. He referred to and quoted parts from Tasso's 'Jerusalem,' Shakespeare's 'Wars of the Roses,' &c. Important allusions in many family mottos, &c., were illustrated; and then he brought the subject to a general summary by maintaining that the detractors of heraldic science are bound to admit one of these two things,—either to prove that all the honours and distinctions which the sovereign of this or any other European state can bestow on eminent men are utter trash, or else to admit that heraldry is one of the important institutions of civilized Europe as being the recognized medium by which the sovereign—the fountain of honour—bestows that honour on men who have deserved well of their country. This part of the paper was concluded by remarks upon the shield of Baron Napier, and the heraldic honours which he quarters by his descent from Scott of Thirlestane, who received them from King James for his services at the battle of Falkirk in 1298;—and the verses by Sir Walter Scott were recited as affording the most eloquent and perfect illustration. Heraldry, he observed, would be found intimately blended with the general history of the middle ages,—with the biography of eminent persons and families,—with manners and customs,—with poetry and polite literature;—and, moreover, it affords a key capable of explaining correctly the meaning of many mysterious and important forms prevalent in embellishments during the feudal period. He alluded to several points of interesting and somewhat romantic research, showing heraldry to be chiefly a symbolical art. Mr. Partridge then directed attention to those heraldic figures called "supporters"—such as the lion and unicorn of the royal arms; and he subsequently noticed the analogy existing between heraldic and natural forms. Supporters, it was said, came into use when tournaments and feudal chivalry assumed a scale of splendour requiring a system of distinctions; and it became a practice for the nobles

and knights each to hang his helmet and shield, richly emblazoned with heraldic insignia, on the front of his tent when in the field. Two attendants or esquires, dressed in armour, or in a fanciful costume imitative of certain characteristic animated beings, were placed to guard or support them, and also to receive challenges when they arrived. Under such circumstances, it was argued, it is absurd to represent supporters as lying down, walking away, or half asleep, while the heraldic attitude *rampant* should be invariably maintained. Mr. Partridge observed that frequent instances may be seen in St. James's Street and Pall Mall, and even in the *Gazette* and the *Times*, in which the supporters of the royal arms are represented as crawling in mean-spirited positions, instead of "*rampant, guardant, &c.*" as set forth in the blazonry. Mr. Partridge remarked that he had not been able to detect an abuse of this kind occurring before about the commencement of the present century; and the supporters were never found in any other position than rampant either in architectural remains or in old works on heraldry. He attributed this infraction in a considerable degree to a volume of Peers' Arms, with supporters, by Mr. Catton, R.A.; who being a skilful painter of animals, but quite ignorant of the science of heraldry (many of the arms, it was said, are incorrectly given) gave the supporters every variety of attitude, so as to contribute to a novel and pleasing pictorial effect. This course was much calculated to mislead many who possessed some knowledge of drawing, but were ignorantly indifferent to the correct heraldic expression and meaning. Mr. Partridge contended that, if one person may change the attitude of supporters for the sake of pictorial effect, another would be equally justified in changing colours, or in making still greater deviations. Heraldry, he asserted, mainly consists of imitations of natural forms, but which are nearly always made amenable to symbolic and conventional treatment. In cases such as a stag, horse, or eagle "proper," nature may be in many respects faithfully copied from natural bodies; but it will be found that each of these is frequently placed with a symbolic form, such as a dragon, which must be depicted according to the regulations of heraldry. Instances in illustration of these views were offered. The Duke of Devonshire has for supporters "two stags proper," in which case colour and form must be true to nature, but the attitude remains heraldic.—The Duke of Northumberland has one gold and one blue lion— which, if painted green, belong to the Earl of Roseberry, or if red, to the Duke of Bedford. Several similar cases were cited. A regard to proportion or relative size of the objects, Mr. Partridge observed, would also tend to produce absurdities; and this went far to prove that they were never intended as pictures for natural history, but as symbolical distinctions treasured by their possessors from feelings of high honour. Examples were adduced of beings of unequal sizes which are often brought together side by side in arms—as a falcon and an elephant—a lion and a cock, for supporters; and similar ones were given applying to crests, quarterings, &c. It was explained that supporters are attached to all arms of peers; and that with a few exceptions they do not pertain to those of commoners. Mr. Partridge then noticed the opinion sometimes held that the extravagant forms of animals used in architectural decoration as well as in heraldry are the efforts during a barbarous period when the persons employed could do no better—and therefore ought not to be followed in the present advanced state of manipulative skill. But he argued that this is an erroneous view; and that the human figure and animals were depicted with great fidelity together with no small knowledge of symbolic art upon ancient embroidered vestments, stained glass, and in illuminated missals. He considered that the apparent eccentricity proceeded partly from causes not unfelt at the present day; and that many forms were devised to be repulsive of evil spirits and demoniacal influences. The form and size of shields and some other features in heraldry were pointed out for the purpose of illustrating its importance historically,—referring to Winchester School, Eton College, and other buildings—as well as to stained glass windows at Chertsey, Bolsover, and St. George's Chapel, Windsor. As an example of family history executed in the present century, a view of the Duke of Bedford's Dining-room was exhibited; in which Mr. Par-

ridge decorated the panning with shields bearing arms descriptive of all the marriages in the Russell family. He also mentioned that he had been employed by Mr. Macready to emblazon correctly the arms of each personage in Shakespeare's play of 'King John.' The paper concluded with some suggestions for the appropriate introduction of heraldic ornament:—and it was stated that before now a shield bearing the proper arms placed on the frame to a portrait had formed an important link in establishing a complete chain of legal evidence.

This being the last evening of the session, the meetings were adjourned to October next.

FINE ARTS

FINE ART GOSSIP.—Our gossip which started last week that Mr. Vernon had given the larger and better part of his celebrated collection of pictures of the British school to the British people turns out to be something more than gossip. The gift is now a certainty. Mr. Vernon, it is understood, retains a life interest in the collection which he has made with so much taste and liberality; and at his death the pictures now under selection by the present Trustees of the National Gallery will be removed from Pall Mall to that institution. Mr. Vernon has made this early announcement of his intentions in order that the Trustees might provide at once a suitable place for their reception. The National Gallery, it is well known, is notoriously too small to receive even any ordinary addition to its treasures; and here is what we may call, in every sense of the word, an extraordinary accession—for the collection is known to consist of something like three hundred pictures. Another and proper stipulation which Mr. Vernon has made is, that his collection—or rather the selection made by the Trustees—shall be kept entire, or apart; much in the same manner as the Douce Collection of books is kept in the Bodleian Library and the Grenville Collection of books will be in the British Museum. The 'Vernon Room' or 'Vernon Gallery,' as it will no doubt be called,—if not by the Trustees, most certainly by the public—will contain the following well-known pictures of the English school. 'The Age of Innocence,' by Sir Joshua Reynolds—one of the most exquisite of his works; bought by Mr. Vernon at the Harman sale for 1520 guineas—(the highest sum ever given for a single-figure Sir Joshua): 'Cottage Children,' 'The Watering place,' and 'Waggon passing a Brook,' by Gainsborough: several exquisite small landscapes by Richard Wilson: Wilkie's 'Highland Bagpipes' (from Sir Francis Freeling's collection) and Wilkie's 'White Boy's Cabin,' painted for Mr. Vernon at the price of 350 guineas: Collins's 'Happy as a King,'—one of the painter's happiest subjects: Turner's 'View in Venice,' Mulready's 'Village Schoolmaster,' Landseer's 'High Life' and 'Low Life,' and his recently exhibited pictures of 'Peace' and 'War,' Etty's 'Cupid and Nymph' (a most exquisite work), and his 'Youth at the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm,' Hilton's 'Edith and Monks discovering the body of Harold,' Hilton's 'Nymph and Cupid,' Maclise's 'Hamlet,' Newton's 'Sterne' and the 'Grisette,' Leslie's 'My Uncle Toby and the Widow,'—and, as Cowley has it in his chronicle, "then a long et cetera."

The following gentlemen have entered their names as candidates for the Associateship of the Royal Academy:—*Painters*: William Linton, John Dearman, John Lucas, Edward J. Niemann, George Harvey, John Rider, George Lance, Richard Ansdel, John Philip, J. D. Harding, Eden Upton Eddis, Alfred Vickers, James Henry Nixon, John Zephaniah Bell, Henry W. Phillips, Frederic Newenham, Frank Williams, Augustus Leopold Egg, William Essex E. V. Ripplingill, Samuel West, Thomas Mogford, J. Goddard, W. D. Kennedy, Henry Bernard Chalon, Frederic Goodall, Edward William Cooke, Henry Bright, George Richmond, Richard Rothwell, Robert Thorburn, Alexander Fraser, Frederic R. Pickersgill, William Simson, Samuel Hallé, Henry Pickersgill, jun., Alexander Johnston, Thomas Ellerby, R. S. Lauder, Henry Philippe Heide-mans, F. H. Henshaw, Thomas Henry Illidge, John Wood, Marshall Claxton, John Calcott Horsley, Frank Stone, and N. J. Crowley. *Sculptors*: John Bell, William Behnes, Edmund Coterill, William Gra-

ham, Henry Weekes, Thomas Earle, Frederic Thrupp, Christopher Moore, M. L. Watson, Edward B. Stephens, John Ternouth, Charles Augustus Rivers, and Edward Davis. *Architects*: Sydney Smirke, Thomas Henry Wyatt, George Gilbert Scott, and J. J. Scoles.

We may mention that his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Constantine has presented to Mr. Leonard Wyon, of the Royal Mint, a handsome enamelled gold snuff-box—as a mark of His Imperial Highness's approbation of a medal of the Emperor of Russia executed by that artist. Mr. Leonard Wyon is the son of Mr. William Wyon, R.A.

"A superb testimonial," says the *Art-Union*, "has been presented to Jenny Lind by Mr. Lumley," as a tribute of respect for her genius and noble qualities, which have secured the enthusiastic admiration of England." The entablature which contains this inscription records her arrival in England on the 17th of April, 1847, and her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre on the 4th of May 1847. It is of pure silver, dead and bright, nearly three feet in height. The composition consists of a pillar, wreathed with laurel, at the foot of which are seated three draped figures, representing Tragedy, Comedy, and Music. Standing on the pillar is a figure personifying Genius.

Considerable interest is said to have been excited amongst the antiquaries of Essex by the exhumation of several specimens of Roman pottery in the vicinity of Chelmsford and Billericay,—and by the discovery of a mural painting upon the walls of Great Waltham Church. The vases have been forwarded to the Chelmsford Museum.

We learn from Paris that M. Eugène Lacroix, the architect, has been commissioned by the Committee of Historical Monuments and the Municipal Council of Saint-Quentin with the restoration of the Hôtel de Ville in that town—one of the most remarkable monuments of the Art of the early part of the sixteenth century.

From Alexandria, it is reported that the Pacha had caused a medal to be struck in commemoration of the laying of the first stone of the Nile Dam,—and presented it in gold to all the resident European consuls.

A correspondent of the *Times* has detected the Fine Art Commissioners "slipping" in their history—and about to perpetuate a blunder with all the formality of a monumental record. One of the subjects proposed, as our readers know, for the decoration of the House of Lords is 'Raleigh landing in Virginia.' To this the trifling objection of "Fuinus" is, that Raleigh never was in Virginia—"nor ever set foot in North America." "It is true," the writer continues "that in 1759 he [Raleigh] set sail for Virginia; but he was soon driven home by stress of weather and the misconduct of his crew. Subsequently, he fitted out five or six expeditions for that colony; and the energetic though unavailing efforts made by him to form a settlement there have doubtless so connected his name with Virginia as to lead to the popular error that he had himself visited its shores. But these expeditions were commanded by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Sir Richard Grenville, and other able navigators of that age,—and never by Raleigh in person. The Southern West Indian Islands and the northern coast of South America he visited more than once; but none of his many biographers, as far as I am aware, mention his landing in Virginia,—and nothing would be more easy than to refute them had they done so."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

The Past Opera Season.

"The Queen of France has no legs!"—said the Courtier, decorously loyal to the death. Critics, it is known, are never weary—never satiated. They never lose hope—never lose temper: so that it is for the Public and the Profession, "not for ourselves, that we care" when we offer congratulations all round on the close of the Opera Season.

The Shade of Dean Swift must have had ample amusement in contemplating the ferment into which London society has been thrown during its four months of madness; and all about the "fine stuff" which he despised so soundly and satirized so sharply. Peace to the angry people who have made the Recorder's task so difficult! The facts are beyond dispute: that both

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Operas have been brilliant; Mr. Lumley's in possession of the artist most in vogue—Mr. Beale's in giving the best performances we have yet heard in England: that the Haymarket programme has been departed from in most essential respects, and its subscribers treated with cavalier disregard—whereas the promises made at Covent Garden have been fairly fulfilled to the content of its supporters. It is obvious that both managements have had to contend with no ordinary amount of difficulty. We are not going once again to examine how far this may have been self-made; but to offer a few retrospective remarks,—which also may not be wholly without value as bearing upon future operations.

One striking peculiarity in the season just over, common to both Operas, has been the absence of much novelty and the failure of the little attempted. Every effort has been made to force upon the public the music of Verdi, as the one composer sought for in Italy; where Pacini and Ricci, and even the more scientific Mercadante, now write without success. But the English will not have Verdi. Our tune-loving play-goers demand fresher and more flattering melodies than he has to bestow. Our severer dilettanti refuse to accept his noise for orchestral science—his ransoms for choral writing—his outrageous modulations for discoveries. We have taken the side of the singers; who, one and all (the baritones excepted) seem to avoid the *Maestro's* operas as though their execution involved loss of caste or loss of voice. In every point of view we cannot but be glad that common sense and sound taste have declared themselves so emphatically. "It is surprising," as we once heard Dr. Mendelssohn sorrowfully say, "how soon one can become used to bad music;" but the deluge and the damage are, at least for one year more, "banked out." We are not vitiated past the power of welcoming something simpler and less strained in opera, should it appear on the other side of the Alps.

Ere we have done with variety in the theatrical repertory we have to offer a word on the subject of revivals. The further we proceed, the more difficult does it seem in Art to retrace our steps—whether in Painting, to reproduce the grandeur of Giotto or the spirituality of Fra Beato—or in Music, to think as Palestrina or as Sebastian Bach thought. And (though the analogy be not strictly maintained when considering the execution of old musical dramas) still, seeing that the condition of theatrical performances is effect to be produced upon audiences mixed—not solely composed of the thoughtful and the erudite—it may be said without violence to truth that public taste can be no more forced back beyond certain limits than creative genius. The question, too, is encumbered with obstacles. Let us only mention two of these, which have to be disposed of:—the great difficulty of selection; the greater disinclination of the singers of our generation to study music so much less dramatically effective than that which they are accustomed to execute. The construction of the old tragic operas admitted of little action save such as is comprehended in the word *dramaturg*: inasmuch as their situations which imply grouping (otherwise concerted music) were fewer—inasmuch as the chorus played an unimportant part, and the principal artists were encouraged to imagine that their skill was best shown in passages of solitary display. In the old days, too, the orchestra was timidly handled. The amateur who admires separate *morceaux* or melodies at the pianoforte or in some concert scheme, or who cherishes fond recollections of Billington and Grassini, is apt to overrate his power of endurance for a whole evening, if he have kept pace with the times—if he have not, to forget that managers are in no plight to cater for the pleasure of antiquarians. In comic opera, again, the light-hearted and puerile buffoonery which amused the Walpoles and Selwyns would no longer raise a laugh. Independently of these intrinsic changes in taste (born of the progress of musical science or decay, as may be) another essential obstacle, as we have said, lies in the reluctance of the singers to study old music. Not merely is the difficulty of it great,—often because it is written for voices essentially differing in character from those cultivated now-a-days—but its style is hard to acquire. The vocalist, for instance, brought up on Rossini's operas,—the very life of which is accent—will be sorely puzzled how, without becoming insipid, to tame himself to the flow-

ing melodies of Mozart. He, again, nurtured in Bellini's music to imagine that expression means force and expansion of tone—no matter if the *tempo* be somewhat *ad libitum*—will feel himself hampered and his due occupation denied him in compositions where the composer has himself in the phrase marked the amount of passion which it demands, or announced it in the orchestral accompaniment. Thirdly, now-a-days a large amount of *solo* singing seems rather to be escaped from than courted by the dramatic vocalist of the highest class. A Romance is allowed to suffice, where formerly three grand *arie* were hardly admitted to be enough: while the opportunities for musical display, in which, also, the vocalist was expected to exhibit the now-lost accomplishment of *gracing*, are avoided, for the simple reason that it is hardly worth while to prepare so much new matter, when the chances of "enchancing the ear," "filling the house," and bringing down the rain of bouquets are so problematical. Whether by all this we gain or lose, is a distinct affair: the fact is clear to us, that betwixt the one hindrance and the other,—with the fashionable dilettanti, whose money must keep up a costly theatre, to clamour dissuasion in the midst—few managements are able (had they the will) worthy to give the grand operas of Gluck, or to attempt the unfamiliar works by Mozart—whose 'Il Scarglio' and 'Idomeneo' will, nevertheless, one day, we believe, resume their places. To name, beyond this short list, any opera a trial of which might be advisable is harder than those imagine who have never attempted to put their fancies into practical operation. New trash, it has been seen, will not thrive here; but ancient merit gets only a faint and feeble applause. Let us further observe, that no operas translated from the French or German into Italian have ever been cordially accepted by us. Spontini's 'Vestale' has always been a failure; 'Guglielmo Tell' was coldly received; the 'Roberto' of Meyerbeer is found heavy; the 'Favorita' of Donizetti is in no dangerous favour. We state these facts—which, collectively, seem to have occurred neither to the new nor the old party—to excuse both managements from complaints made against them.

For the public, the rivalry betwixt the two Operas has brought only good. It has given us, at Covent Garden, orchestral and choral performances and a vocal ensemble hitherto not reached in England. It has compelled (our word is not too strong) the presence at the Haymarket of one who—more fitly than the "Swedish Nightingale"—might be called "The Lioness of the North." This season of 1847, indeed, will be remembered by the appearance of Mdle. Jenny Lind and the *furor* thereby excited. But while we hold to our judgment that the lady is "a first-rate where first-rates have been," it is needless to dwell on the latter clause; since one portion of the dilettante world, grown frenetic in its enthusiasm, has chosen to speak of her as the Alpha and Omega of vocalists, and to treat with the hottest contempt all who deny her supremacy over every former and contemporary artist. Folly and injustice so flagrant as this are sure to wear themselves out. The time was when Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble were deserted for the young Roscius! And though the parallel does not hold good to the extremity, we appeal to it in proof that Fashion when it chooses to rave requires no adequate reason for its ravings. Mdle. Lind is a great singer—great, inasmuch as she works with a second-rate and limited voice; and a very great actress in parts of the second order—her *Norma* having proved that the highest tragical passions are beyond her reach. But that she has owed a large portion of her supremacy to circumstance there can be no doubt with all who have kept their judgments cool. It may be questioned whether her attraction will continue at the present immoderate pitch: and for some such mutabilities she seems sagaciously to provide,—by remaining in no city for any length of time as the member of a regular company, but moving about as "a star" from Berlin to Vienna, &c. &c. Nor must it be forgotten by those writing the operatic history of this year, that with all the *prestige* of her youth, freshness, attractive personal history and captivating stage attributes, Mdle. Lind has been here unable to extinguish the *prima donna* of fifteen years' standing. It will also be recorded that Mdle. Lind's appearance at *Her Majesty's Theatre* has been all but utterly destructive to every other artist in the company—owing, it would

seem, to the express determination of the management. Such undue prominence cannot be given to any one part of a *corps*, such a flagrant disregard of all that constitutes an entire performance cannot pass, without temporary mischief to Art. But, with time, these mistakes are sure to bring their own correction.

Two other remarkable novelties are not to be overlooked,—one, of course, being Mdle. Alboni. The success of this Lady has been one of the most honest and satisfactory triumphs in our recollection. A more powerful, extensive, even, and available *contralto* voice has probably never been heard,—united with that grandeur of *cantabile* style and brilliancy of florid execution which we almost feared had vanished from the world. Without her possession of any deep study or subtle intellect as an actress, there has been a sympathetic geniality in Mdle. Alboni's performances which, aided by her superb vocal powers, has won her public—and, we think, will retain it.

The one other first-rate acquisition of the past season has been Signor Ronconi as an actor. He has stood here on perilous ground,—having to make a reputation in the face of the all but universal disappointment which he excited during his last visit; and also being thrust into comparison with an admirable artist, his superior in every natural gift—we mean, of course, Signor Coletti. Other disqualifications might be added: but in spite of all, Signor Ronconi has taken a higher place as actor than any man who has appeared on the Italian stage, with the solitary exception of Lablache;—exhibiting a force and fineness in his tragedy, a quaint humour in his comedy, sufficient to make the most exacting pass over natural defects that must have been fatal to the popularity of any one less a genius by nature and an artist by experience.

Enough of this rapid retrospect. There is no need to dwell upon the *ballet* entertainments of 1847. The Boxes, we suppose, would faint and the Stalls use "angry nouns" were they suppressed: yet this year they have been costly superfluities,—only exciting attention at *Her Majesty's Theatre*, at a juncture when the Opera was so bad for the ear that the eye demanded some little pleasure by way of compensation. So end our labours, then, with regard to the most fatiguing season in our experience. What is in the wheel for 1848 it would be absurd as yet to promise. There will be enough, no doubt, of certain information—good till it is contradicted—long ere the rivalry in sober earnest recommences.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The play of 'Cymbeline' was performed at the re-opening of this theatre under the management of Mr. Phelps, on Monday last. The more poetical of Shakspeare's dramas have here been the most popular. This fact has surprised the unreflecting, who judged the taste of the neighbourhood by the monstrosities committed on this stage during the long and dreary period when the prevalence of monopoly prohibited the production of the best pieces. With the style of the entertainments, the character of the audience has completely changed. The example thus successfully set is about to be followed elsewhere:—and there is good reason to believe that the liberty now conceded to the stage has given a new start to the Drama.

The season could scarcely have been more gracefully commenced than with the beautiful play of 'Cymbeline.' Here we have one of the most pleasing of Boccaccio's tales blended with and illustrated by some of the most glorious of Shakspeare's fancies. The Italian story the poet connected with a portion of his country's history; and deriving a few hints from an English novel with the strange title of 'Westward for Smelts,' he constructed an interesting and elevated dramatic poem—abounding in incidents drawn from these various sources. To them Shakspeare has added an invention of his own—that of *Guliderius* and *Arriagus* having been stolen in their infancy from their father's court, and fostered by the banished *Belarius* among the mountains of Wales. But the great charm of this play is the character of *Imogen*,—whose purity of mind and conduct carries ineffable sweetness. Her character as a wife is perfect. The treatment of the subject is as exquisite as the conception of the parts. Its adjuncts are all in fine keeping. The circumstances harmonize admirably with the moral

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